

The Sketch.

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A STRIKING NEW NELSON PICTURE.



THE TOAST IS "BRITAIN."

By FRED ROE, R.I.

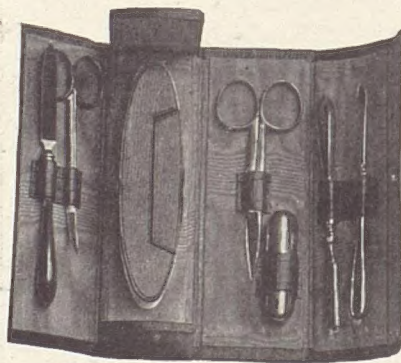
HUNG "ON THE LINE" in this year's Academy, the original painting by Fred Roe, R.I. of which the above is a black-and-white photograph, was one of the pictures of the year, and attracted a great deal of attention, no less by its artistic excellence than by reason of the historic incident which it portrays.

The picture is of an episode in the life of probably the most beloved of our National Heroes and relates to a complimentary banquet at which Nelson was seated next to Benjamin West; he expressed admiration for the painter's "Death of General Wolfe," and asked West why he had painted no more such pictures. West replied that there were no more such subjects left, but that he feared Nelson's intrepidity would some day furnish him with an opportunity, which he would not lose; Nelson, thereupon is said to have replied, "Then I hope I shall die in the next action."

The subject is one which always makes a strong appeal to British sentiment—more particularly so at the present time—and the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap have, therefore, at very great expense decided to issue a facsimile reproduction of the picture in colours, which is in every respect of the high standard fitting to the occasion and the subject.

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The Sketch

No. 1142.—Vol. LXXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



MOTHER OF THE FUTURE PREMIER EARL OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND: VISCOUNTESS INGESTRE.

The Viscountess Ingestre, who married the son and heir of the twentieth Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot in 1904, has three little daughters, the Hons. Ursula, Victoria, and Joan Chetwynd-Talbot, born respectively in 1907, 1910, and 1911. A son and heir was born on the first of this month, to the great delight of Lady Ingestre

and her husband, who is a Captain in the Royal Horse Guards and an M.V.O. The Viscountess is a sister of the Marquess of Anglesey. Her little son may one day be Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot and Premier Earl in the Peerage both of England and Ireland.—[*Photograph by Lafayette.*]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



The Great Kitchener interview divides itself very neatly into a comedy in four acts—

CHARACTERS.

LORD KITCHENER.
AN EDITOR.

MR. IRVIN COBB.
A NEWS-EDITOR.

A CORRESPONDENT.

The action passes within forty-eight hours.

ACT I.

Scene.—The British Headquarters.

MR. COBB: And what is your opinion of the German atrocities, my Lord?

LORD KITCHENER: (*Answer suppressed by Censor.*)

MR. COBB: That is extremely interesting. And now, my Lord, if I may make so bold, when, in your opinion, will the war be over?

LORD KITCHENER: (*Answer suppressed by Censor.*)

MR. COBB: I am very grateful to you, my Lord, for your courtesy.

ACT II.

Scene.—A London Newspaper Office.

NEWS-EDITOR: This Kitchener interview is red-hot stuff. I suppose you'll splash it?

EDITOR: Certainly. At the same time, I can't imagine K. talking in that rhetorical manner.

NEWS-EDITOR: Oh, well, you must allow a little margin for journalistic flights.

EDITOR: I hope it won't appear that there was too much margin. This talk about the war lasting three years is not strictly in accordance with my private information.

NEWS-EDITOR: But think of the effect on recruiting!

EDITOR: Oh, we shall have to chance it. I suppose all the others will have it.

NEWS-EDITOR: You bet your boots they will! It's red-hot stuff!

ACT III.

Scene.—The Same.

Next Afternoon.

EDITOR: There you are! Kitch denies the whole thing! What did I tell you?

NEWS-EDITOR: But everybody else had it!

EDITOR: Not quite everybody, worse luck. You persuaded me into it, you know.

NEWS-EDITOR: It made jolly good reading in this morning's paper, anyhow.

EDITOR: That's true. I wonder how much of it he really did say! The language was terribly pompous.

NEWS-EDITOR: Well, there's still Cobb's version of the business to come through. We can splash that.

EDITOR: I'm not so sure.

ACT IV.

Scene 1.—Mr. Cobb's Office in New York.

MR. COBB (*at the telephone*): Hello! . . . It is . . . Why, with the greatest pleasure. . . Hello, Rob! . . . How's that? . . . Well, I don't know that I'm altogether surprised, but you can tell your folks from me that I'm not in the habit of concocting matter. Mind, I don't say I took a verbatim note of the interview—you know yourself that's never done, except by the stage-reporter. But my memory's good. That's all I've got to say about it. So long, Rob. Look me up one day soon. . . .

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



Scene 2.—Same as Act II.

NEWS-EDITOR: Here's Cobb's reply just come through from Robinson.

EDITOR: Any good?

NEWS-EDITOR: Well, I can't say it takes us much further. Cobb's too sound a man to invent the stuff, and yet I can't see why K. should first of all give him an interview—

EDITOR: Let's have a look at it. . . . H'm. Give it, but don't make too much of it. And be very chary about interviews with K. in the future.

NEWS-EDITOR: By Jove! I wonder if that was his idea?

EDITOR: You can't tell, and you never will tell—unless he authorises Cobb to write his biography. It will remain one of the "Mysteries of the Great War."

CURTAIN.

The Unfortunate Motorist.

Mr. Lewis Waller, I should imagine, might easily claim to be the most unfortunate motorist in these islands. Even in times of war his car plays him false. We read of an accident in Australia, we had previously read of accidents at home, and now we learn that he is lying in St. Albans Hospital with a dislocated shoulder, the result of an accident on the way from Birmingham to London. Mr. Lewis Waller cannot be accused of careless or furious driving; I can vouch for that, having passed him myself on a portion of the Brighton Road that gave every temptation and opportunity to the habitual scorcher. And I was not scorching.

The account of the accident, by the way, rather puzzles me. "In taking a bend of the road," says a St. Albans correspondent, "the car skidded towards the footpath, on which two people were walking. Mr. Waller, in order to avoid colliding with them, jammed on the brakes. The result was that the car turned turtle."

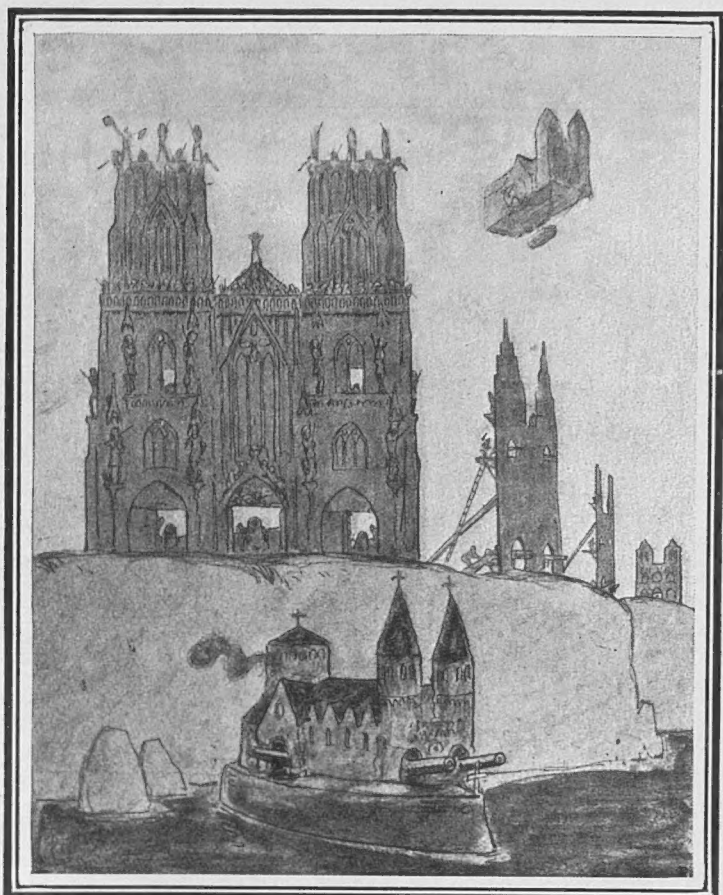
Of course, it did—if Mr. Waller jammed on the brakes. But I think that must be a mistake on the part of the correspondent. An experienced motorist such as Mr. Waller knows perfectly well that you can't stop a skid by jamming on the brakes. The only way to stop a skid, of course, is to lock the front wheels in the direction in which the car is skidding. I have been in a car when a silly chauffeur jammed on the brakes to stop a skid. The car turned completely round, travelled backwards down a steep hill in a town, missed a lamp-post by two inches, dashed into the gutter, and burst a tyre with a report like a "Jack Johnson."

Danger is not confined to the field of battle.

Dangers at Home.

I am sure that people do not realise the risks they run in these nights of demi-semi-lighting. Londoners complain of the lack of light, but motorists who have to pass through outer London know that in the remote suburbs the state of affairs is infinitely worse. With the streets almost inky black, the roads as slippery as glass, and the illumination on the car limited to two small side-lamps, which are almost useless from the driver's point of view, pedestrians and cyclists—especially those cyclists who stubbornly refuse to carry a little piece of red glass at the back of their cycles—run tremendous risks whenever they venture off the footpath. One simply cannot see a cyclist or a pedestrian until he is practically under the wheels. If one jams on the brakes, one shares the fate of Mr. Waller, and the cyclist or pedestrian might easily be included in the general holocaust. Yet there is no reward or glory for the man who is killed or wounded at home, even though he may be working for the Red Cross or Blue Cross, or "On His Majesty's Service."

POTSDAM FUNNY! SPECIMENS OF GERMAN WAR HUMOUR.

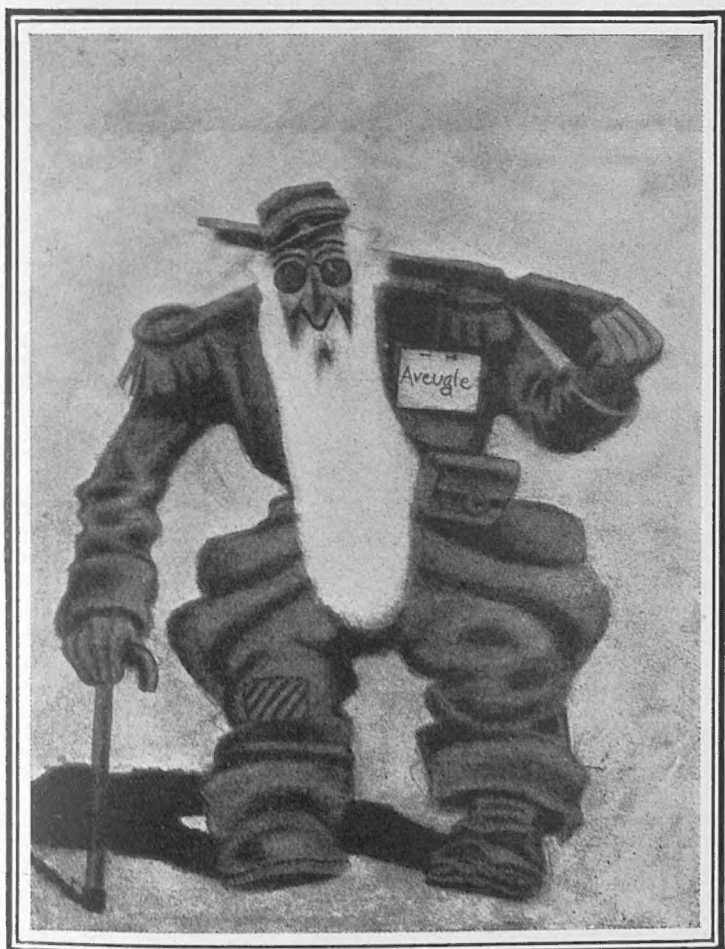


"Having held up the German barbarians to the scorn of the civilised world as destroyers of churches and cathedrals, so that Germans now hesitate to shoot at anything resembling a church, England disguises as churches her coast defences, aeroplanes, and ships."

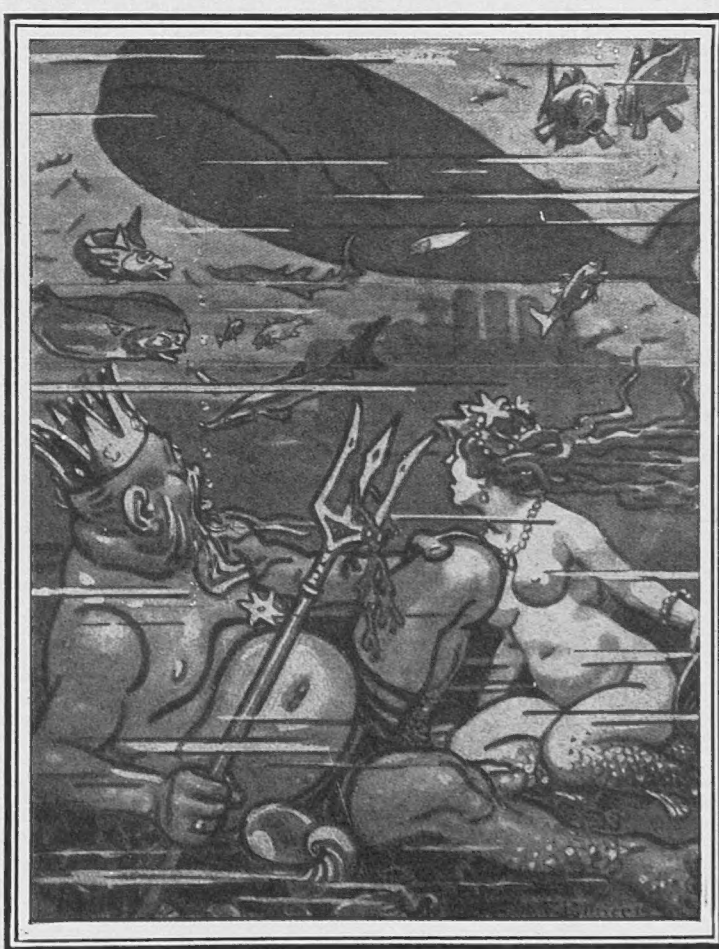


GENERAL JOFFRE (to Sir John French): For God's sake, Monsieur French, where are your reserves?

SIR JOHN FRENCH: We have only one regiment left, and we must keep that back for our entry into Berlin.



THE BLIND "PIOU-PIOU" (fifty years after reading a French officer's prophecy that the Allies would not reach Berlin before 1917): Well, I am still on the job. I really am beginning to wonder whether he did not mean 1970. By then we may perhaps get there!



NEPTUNE (to his Spouse): Hallo, what can that whale be thinking of? He has impudently omitted to salute me!

NEPTUNE'S SPOUSE: I think he must be suffering from swelled head. The British have mistaken him for the "Ug."

We have already given, in previous numbers, some examples of German cartoons and caricatures inspired by the war.
Here are a few further specimens.

THE DISTAFF SIDE OF THE GREAT WAR: SOCIETY WORKERS.



COLLECTING CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE MEN
AT THE FRONT : MRS. STOBART WHETHERLEY.



NURSING WOUNDED IN MILLICENT DUCHESS OF
SUTHERLAND'S HOSPITAL : LADY ROSSLYN.



SON OF A BRIGADIER-GENERAL :
MASTER ROGER CHETWODE.



WIFE AND CHILD OF A PRISONER-OF-WAR V.C.
MRS. W. E. GORDON AND HER SON.



ORGANISER OF THE WOMEN'S VOLUNTEER RESERVE
CORPS : VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH.

Mrs. Stobart Whetherley, who is busily collecting Christmas gifts for soldiers at the front, is the wife of Captain Stobart Whetherley, 7th Dragoon Guards. Mrs. Whetherley was very popular in Cairo society when her husband was quartered there.—The Countess of Rosslyn has gone to Dunkirk to assist in the care of the wounded in Millicent Duchess of Sutherland's Hospital. Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, who was recently married to Major Percy Desmond Fitzgerald, D.S.O., is a sister of the fifth Earl of Rosslyn, and is herself a skilful nurse.—Master Roger Charles George Chetwode is the eight-year-old son of Brigadier-General Sir Philip Walhouse Chetwode, D.S.O., seventh Baronet, who has served with distinction in South Africa, and has again been mentioned in despatches during the present war. Lady Chetwode is a

daughter of Colonel the Hon. Richard Southwell George Stapleton-Cotton, uncle of Viscount Combermere.—Mrs. W. E. Gordon is the wife of Colonel William Eagleson Gordon, V.C., of the Gordon Highlanders, a distinguished soldier who served in the Chitral Expedition (medal with clasp); with Tirah Expeditionary Force; and in the South African campaign. He was dangerously wounded at Magersfontein, where he won his Victoria Cross, and is now a prisoner of war in Germany.—Lady Castlereagh, wife of Viscount Castlereagh, M.V.O., M.P., heir to the Marquess of Londonderry, and Captain in the Royal Horse Guards, is a daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, P.C. Lady Castlereagh is organising a Women's Volunteer Reserve Corps, to be trained to be of use in any emergency.—[Photographs by Lallie Charles, Swaine, and Speaight.]

SISTERS — ONE NURSING BRITISH ; THE OTHER, GERMANS.



WITH THE DUCHESS HERSELF AT WORK: IN THE LINEN-ROOM OF HER GRACE'S WAR HOSPITAL FOR THE BRITISH AND THEIR ALLIES IN THE CASINO, LE TOUQUET.



NURSING BRITISH WOUNDED AND THEIR ALLIES: THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER (X), WITH SOME OF HER NURSING STAFF.



SISTER OF THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER, BUT NURSING GERMAN WOUNDED NEAR BERLIN: THE PRINCESS OF PLESS.

The war has brought about many curious things in British Society; one of them is illustrated here—the fact that while the Duchess of Westminster is nursing wounded British and their Allies, her sister, the Princess of Pless, is nursing wounded Germans. The Duchess's war hospital, which is, of course, officially recognised in France, is in the Casino at Le Touquet, and accommodates an average of 350 wounded. The linen-

room, in particular, is the care of the Duchess and of Mrs Whitburn. In the group showing her Grace with some of the nursing staff, the Matron, Mrs. Phillips, is seen on her right hand. The Princess of Pless is working in a hospital near Berlin. The Duchess and herself are, as we have noted, sisters, daughters of Colonel William Cornwallis Cornwallis-West. The Princess's husband is Hans Heinrich XV., Prince of Pless.

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	ISLE OF WIGHT	
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"LE MARIAGE DE Mlle. BEULEMANS" originally, though it had but a short run in London, made a hit. A year later, it was adapted quite ingeniously, and appeared as "Little Miss Llewellyn," with Miss "Wendy" Trevelyan as the fascinating heroine; and, of course, she was fascinating, as she always is. It was natural, then, that the brave, clever little company of Belgians at the Criterion should revive the comedy, and those who fail to visit their production will lose much. Most of those who don't fail will lose a little, since rather more is needed than a Stratford-atte-Bow knowledge of French to appreciate the humours of the Belgians in their effort to speak correctly the tongue supposed by the Gauls to be heard in perfection at Nancy, the charming city which has played a brave part in the war and given a great shock to the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. This little point hardly matters, since there is abundance of humour in the play, even for those with a trifling Ollendorf knowledge or Berlitz acquaintance with the language of the lovable Montaigne. It is a very funny play, with admirable broad character-drawing and pretty passages of unforced sentiment. The Belgian authors are quite skilful in keeping the story together without needless plot, and have created a brilliant comedy character for the heroine. As far as I recollect, Mlle. Dieudonné, who now represents the fascinating Suzanne, is new to London; she will always have a warm welcome. One may call her a great artist without hesitation, as well as a most charming little person, and she plays with a delightful sincerity. M. Libau is thoroughly amusing as her peppery, self-made papa, quite a good sort, despite his snobbism. Mme. Dilis Beersmans plays the mother admirably. Mlle. Ninon Dave is very clever as a soubrette. One cannot overlook the excellent work of MM. George Desplas, Mathot, and Van den Bosche.

"The Man Who Stayed at Home" seems likely to make that home the Royalty during a long time. The authors, Messrs. Lechmere Worrall and H. E. Terry, have got hold of a capital idea: German spies on the coast; the dramatists show us these Teutonic criminals carrying on their operations. It makes one shudder to think what a lot of villainy there may be in a boarding-house. Perhaps actuality does not produce great dramas, but in the present instance it has given birth to a rattling melodrama which quickly got hold of the audience. The Germans did not have it all their own way, and, indeed, their own way at all, since Christopher Bent "the man who stayed at home" was after them, and working with him, an English lady spy, Mrs. Muriel Leigh, widow, and a most mysterious and portentous person. To learn how the two groups of spies schemed and counter-schemed, used Marconis and bombs and revolvers and conversation-detectors, you must go to the theatre, where you will find a capital entertainment; and, in addition, it is quite permissible to regard the piece seriously as a warning to the Government. There is also a streak of sentiment worked in. And the play has its humours as well as its thrills, for some of the boarding-house people are funny, and the German spies are rather diverting in their fervour. Quite an admirable performance. Everybody good, particularly Mr. Dennis Eadie, Miss Mary Jerrold, Mr. Hubert Harben, Mr. Henry Edwards, and Miss Jean Cadell.

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NEW CROSS	12 37	ST. PAUL'S	12 30
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Sevenoaks	1 18	Arriving	a.m.
Tonbridge	1 21	Chatham	1 5
Tunbridge Wells	1 34	Sittingbourne	1 20
Bexhill	2 23	Sheerness Dockyard	1 35
W. St. Leonards	2 20	Faversham	a.m. 2 6
St. Leonards	2 25	Whitstable Town	1 20
Hastings	2 30	Herne Bay	1 28
Paddock Wood	1 43	Birchington	2 57
Maidstone	2 35	Westgate	1 45
Ashford	2 22	Margate West	1 50
Canterbury W.	2 45	Broadstairs	1 58
Ramsgate Town	3 20	Ramsgate Harbour	2 5
Margate Sands	3 38	Canterbury East	2 27
Shorncliffe	2 49	Kearsney	2 52
Folkestone Cl.	2 54	Dover Priory	3 0
Folkestone Junction	2 59	Dover Harbour	3 5
Dover Harbour	3 12	Martin Mill	3 10
		Walmer	3 16
		Deal	3 21
		Sandwich	3 30

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS will be issued by these Trains, at the Week-end Fares, for Stations to which Week-end Bookings are in force.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—The Ordinary Sunday Service will run, with certain Extra Trains. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26th.—Frequent Trains from VICTORIA, HOLBORN (LOW LEVEL) and LUDGATE HILL to the CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL STATION), and vice versa.

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TRENCHVILLE AT CHRISTMAS: A VOLUNTARY ARMISTICE? : COMFORT IN THE HOME CAMPS.

Christmas in the Trenches.

There is not one of us—man, woman, or child—I am sure, who has not contributed in one way or another to make life pleasanter for our gallant troops in France and Flanders at Christmas-time. Presents of warm clothing, cigarettes, and plum-puddings have gone out, and are going out, by the ton; and every man in our Army will not only have his big slice of plum-pudding on Christmas Day, but will have enough to spare to give a bit to a French comrade if he happens to be in reserve and in the neighbourhood of French troops.

What Our Officers Regret.

I do not think that we should conjure up for ourselves any sad pictures of our brave fellows suffering misery in the trenches at Christmas-time, for they certainly would not wish us to do so. All the men whom I have met wounded and back from the front make light of the dangers and privations, and the only regrets I hear from the officers are that they did not take out with them shot-guns to wage war upon the pheasants which, they tell me, are to be found everywhere in the country. Now that our troops are not called upon to hold such an extended front as they had to cover during the early weeks of the Battle of the Yser, every regiment in turn gets its time in reserve, when the men are able to play football and the officers have a little spare time on their hands.

The Fitness of the Men.

Of the health of the troops in the field there are very good accounts, and the men who have been frost-bitten or who are suffering from rheumatism through standing in water in the trenches form but a small fraction, I am glad to hear, of the army. The vast majority of the men, living in the open air, eating the simplest fare, and far away from the temptations of the public-house or the café, are going through the training of athletes, and are as fit as a University crew on the day before the Boat-Race. Therefore, I say, let us, in thinking of our troops at Christmas-time, think of them as kicking about a football in a French village somewhere behind the lines, and of eating their Christmas plum-pudding in some great barn, with the big guns growling away in the far distance.

The Pope's Armistice.

The Pope, I read, is approaching the heads of the combatant nations, asking that an armistice may be declared at Christmas. Though it is unlikely that any formal armistice will be concluded, it is, I think, more than probable that the troops on both sides will receive orders not to open fire on Christmas Day unless the other

side is evidently making a move. Already, as always happens in big wars, there are certain times of the day when the French and the Germans in the district of Verdun do not fire at each other.

No Firing at Meal-Times.

In all great wars the outposts of the opposing armies observe an unwritten law against useless slaughter. To shoot a sentry just for the sake of destroying life and not to gain any military advantage is always discouraged by the officers, and very often the patrols on both sides are allowed to go about their work without interference. In the Argonne, at the present time, no shots are fired from the trenches until 5.30 in the morning, and at 11 o'clock a.m. firing ceases on both sides for half-an-hour, to allow the rations to be brought to the men in the trenches.

In the Home Camps.

If our men in the field are in robust health in spite of every kind of hardship and ever-present danger, the men of Lord Kitchener's army who are at home and in the various great camps are certainly going into strict training for the hardships that are before them. One day this week I went the round of the camps that are near Brighton, and was astonished at the splendid health and physique of the men, and wondered at their great cheerfulness, when their camps were little better than a sea of mud. These canvas cities are now empty, for the men have been moved either into billets or into huts, but the spaces of deep mud which were parade-grounds still remain in their native ugliness. I am told that on very wet nights, when the rain was beating through the canvas of the tents, the men quacked like ducks. This was their little joke, and that they should have the spirits to joke under the circumstances shows that the good temper of Mr. Thomas Atkins is impervious to mere weather conditions.

The New Huts.

The huts that I looked into in the new camps are quite comfortable dwelling-places. They are of wood with zinc roofs, and each hut is lifted above the ground and stands on brick supports. The rolled bedding of the men stands on the wooden bed-cots at either side of the room, and the insides of all the huts are kept spotlessly clean, making dry and pleasant sleeping-rooms. Outside the huts there is still enough mud to remind the men of the camps they have left; but paths are being laid down and drainage is being arranged, and before Christmas the new camps will be as trim and well drained as though they had been in existence for months instead of for days.



THE SON OF THE "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT AT PETROGRAD SERVING IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY: ENSIGN JOHN WILSON.

Ensign Wilson, who is here seen in his Russian uniform, has, it is said, already fought in three of the battles of the Great War.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



A PEER'S DAUGHTER WHO IS NURSING WOUNDED BELGIANS: THE HON. IRENE LAWLEY (ON THE LEFT).

The Hon. Irene Lawley is a daughter of the third Lord Wenlock, and niece of the present Peer. She is nursing wounded Belgian soldiers at the village institute (given by her father, and now converted into a hospital) at Escrick, near her home, Escrick Park, York. With her in the photograph is Sister Cronin, the Superintendent, from Guy's Hospital.

Photograph by C.N.

"MEDALS"; THE BIG-DRUM COLONEL; THE NAVVY POET.



1. ARUNDEL'S "ORDER OF PATRIOTISM": A WINDOW IN MALTRAVERS STREET SHOWING FOUR "MEDALS."

2. A COMMANDING OFFICER HELPING TO CARRY THE BIG DRUM: COLONEL VISCOUNT GOSCHEN, OF THE 5TH BUFFS.

3. "THE NAVVY POET" TURNED SOLDIER: RIFLEMAN PATRICK MACGILL, OF THE LONDON IRISH.

Arundel, where the Duke of Norfolk has converted his ancestral castle into recruiting offices, has established an "Order of Patriotism" with "medals." One is given to each local recruit—Arundel has enrolled 400 out of a population of 2842; and one is sent to every soldier or sailor belonging to the town. The "medals" are proudly displayed in the windows of the men's homes; four are seen in some. One row of cottages can show a "medal" to each house.—Viscount Goschen, Colonel of the

5th Battalion of the Buffs, while on his recruiting march in Kent, takes his turn, as shown in the photograph, in carrying the big drum of the corps.—Mr. Patrick MacGill, "the Navvy Poet," now Rifleman MacGill, of the London Irish, was negotiating for the translation into French, German, and Italian of his "Children of the Dead End" when the war stopped business. His new novel, "The Rat Pit," will be out in the spring.—[Photographs by Topical and Central Press.]

THE DISAPPEARING WALL OF THE QUEEN'S W.F.W.F.



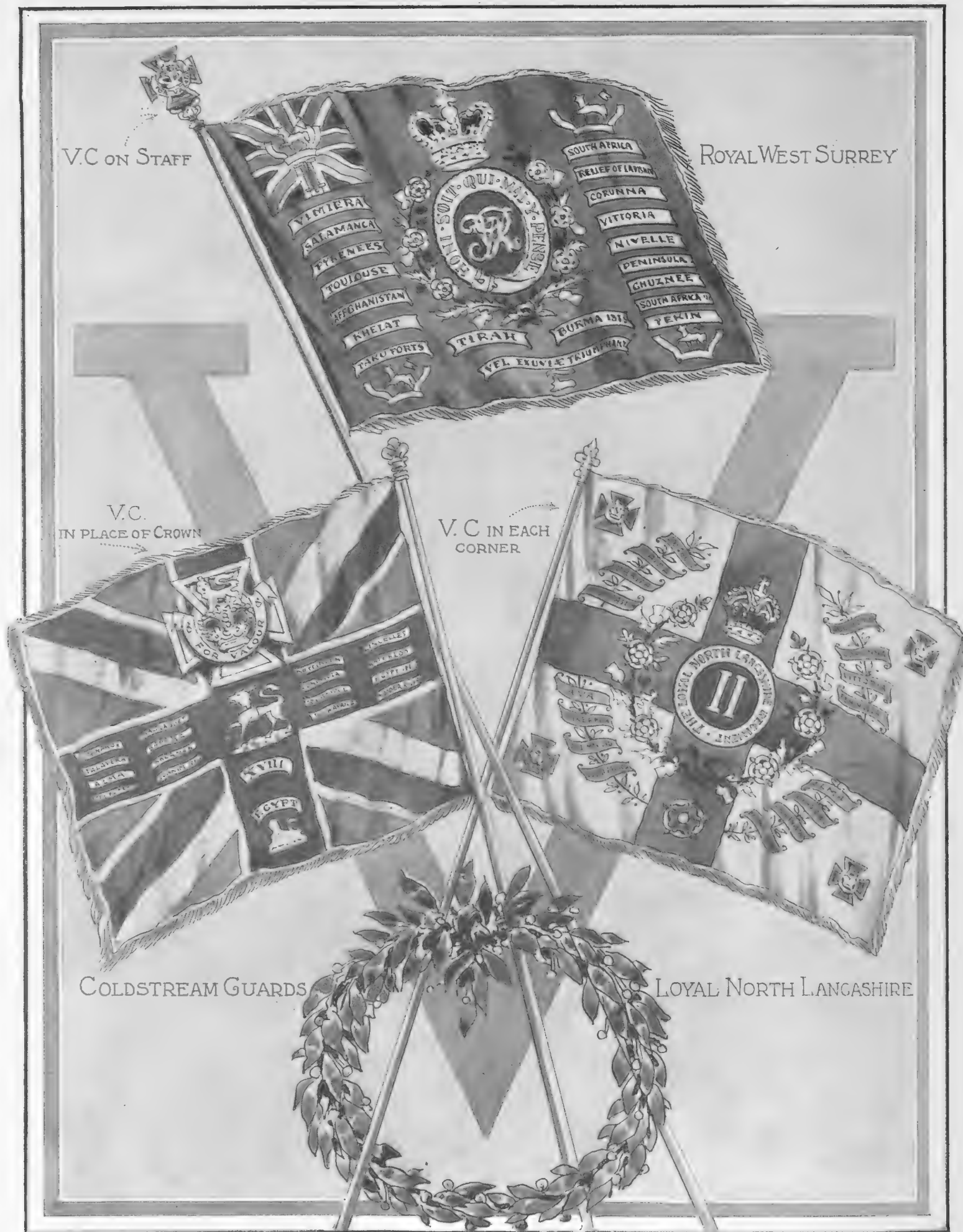
1. THE DISAPPEARING WALL OF LORD BLYTH'S TOWN HOUSE, PORTLAND PLACE, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE QUEEN'S "WORK FOR WOMEN" FUND: LADY ROXBURGH, THE HONORARY SECRETARY, STANDING IN FRONT OF THE WALL.

The mechanical curiosity shown above is at Lord Blyth's town house, 33, Portland Place, now in use as the headquarters of the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund. Her Majesty, at a recent visit, was much interested in the disappearing wall, which is massively built with elaborate panelling, and has pictures on it. The mechanism is electric and controlled by touching a button. In No. 1, Lady Roxburgh, the Hon.

2. THE WALL DISAPPEARING INTO THE BASEMENT AND DISCLOSING THE GENERAL OFFICES OF THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE QUEEN'S "WORK FOR WOMEN" FUND: AFTER LORD BLYTH HAD TOUCHED THE BUTTON.

Secretary of the Fund (standing, on the right), is seen in her office. In No. 2 (showing the wall descending into the basement), Lord Blyth is seen seated. In the background beyond the wall are members of the clerical staff in one of the rooms in which they are at work, as suddenly disclosed by the sinking of the wall. Mrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Treasurer of the Fund, is seen seated next Lady Roxburgh. — [Photographs by G.P.U.]

HOW TO HONOUR "GLORIOUS ANONYMITY": A SUGGESTION.



WHY NOT CONFER THE V.C. ON THE COLOURS OF REGIMENTS WHICH HAVE DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES GREATLY, AS THE LEGION OF HONOUR IS BESTOWED ON A WHOLE FRENCH REGIMENT?

It is often very difficult for commanding officers to single out individuals for special distinction where many men, and sometimes whole regiments, have displayed equal gallantry. In such instances why not imitate the French custom of bestowing the Legion of Honour on the regimental flag, as was done recently in the case of the 24th Regiment of French Colonial Infantry? We suggest here some alternative methods by which the V.C. might be affixed to regimental colours, taking as examples the flags of three of the various British regiments which have greatly distinguished

themselves in the present war. In one case the V.C. is seen attached to the top of the flag-pole; in the other two, it is placed, in different ways, on the flag itself. Such a "decoration" of a regiment's colours would be an excellent means of recognising what President Poincaré, speaking of the heroism of the French Army in words applicable also to the British, described as "this total abolition of personal interest, this glorious anonymity of courage, the grandeur of this collective soul in which are merged all the hopes of the race."

The Flags drawn from material supplied by the Courtesy of Messrs. Hobson and Sons, Lexington Street, W.; "V.C.s" by "The Sketch."

ACCENT AIGU !



SERGEANT : Thompson.

SERGEANT : Wilson.

SERGEANT : Montaig.

SERGEANT : MONTAIG.

SERGEANT : MONTAIG !

SERGEANT : Oh ! Your name 's Montagew, is it ? Well. Mr. Bloomin' Montagew, you can take two paces to the rear and two days' fatigew !

THOMPSON : Here !

WILSON : Here !

(No answer.)

(No answer.)

VOICE : I wonder if you mean me. My name 's Montague.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



VICE-ADMIRAL STURDEE.

ON June 30 Sir Doveton Sturdee was appointed Chief of the War Staff at the Admiralty. For a man devoted to the noise of guns the post was not entirely enviable, but it went to Sir Doveton almost as a matter of course. Ever since the sweep-up at the Admiralty a few years back he has been among the men in possession—a sailor not entirely of the Fisher school, but one with whom Lord Fisher was anxious to join forces when the time came for a spring-cleaning in Whitehall. On June 30, then, he went to work at the Office, and most of us thought of him still as a plain-clothes potentate patiently bending over his Majesty's blotting-paper, or walking away in the gloom, arm in arm with Mr. Churchill, after abnormally long working hours.

Playing at Bowler.

It was on just such a walk that the change was planned. The long hours within four walls, the uneventful blotting-paper, the anxiety, the cooping-up of energies—these were willingly supported while it was asked of him that he should support them. But in the secret history of the British Navy there will one day be written the story of his going away and of the preliminaries of two boys—the elder aged fifty-five, the other forty—who rejoiced that one of them could get to sea. On that day an Admiral's bowler-hat was, metaphorically if not in reality, tossed into the air. And while Sir Doveton was glad to go, the First Sea Lord and the Board were equally glad to send him. Lord Fisher and Sir Doveton Sturdee are old comrades in arms: they were both at Alexandria, and have worked along the same line ever since.

Hard as Rope.

But the rejoicing was deadly silent. Their boyish cheers were consumed within them; their lips were snapped to. The reader of physiognomy will tell you he always knew that both Fisher and Sturdee could keep secrets. Both have mouths of steel. The lines drawn athwart them are tied in knots. Lord Fisher's severity of jaw is famous; and Sturdee's, though less familiarly known, is made of the same stuff. In the photograph most generally circulated one gets no adequate impression: it is a snapshot taken in sunlight—the eyes are half-closed by the glare, and all the muscles of the face relaxed in consequence. But under other circumstances the first thing that strikes one is the strength of him—a strength that is assuaged by the whimsical expression of the eyes. Nothing overrides that expression; sleet and an east wind are said to warm the springs of geniality within him.

An Ordnance Man.

The son of a naval man, he entered the service at the age of twelve. Taking three "firsts," he passed his examination for a lieutenancy with

flying colours, and was promoted Captain in his twenty-ninth year. Early in the eighteen-eighties he won the special Torpedo Prize at the Royal Naval College, and since then has been an expert in all sorts and conditions of ordnance. At the Admiralty he was chief of that branch of naval learning for several years, and, later, acted as President of the Submarine Committee. It is fitting that he should have sent the *Scharnhorst* to the bottom, for with that ship against him he was opposed by the best gunnery in the German fleet; and in Admiral Graf von Spee met an enemy who has been called the Percy Scott (or, as some crews would have it, the Sturdee) of Germany.

Oceans of Ocean.

Sturdee of Samoa was for a time his title. He will be re-christened: the old achievement sounds like an amiable little nursery-story beside the victory of Dec. 8: On the one occasion success was inevitable: he had to make a certain port, and he made it; he had to show his strength, and he showed it. The result was just as certain as the medals that followed it. In the second case there was no port to make, no strength could be paraded. He went secretly; even friends in London and Hampshire knew nothing of his whereabouts. His ships were without names. And while he and his squadron were moving in the dark, so, too, were the Germans. Admiral Sturdee, in this case, had to pin down an enemy with oceans of ocean to run in.

Four-Fold Rejoicing.

The nation at large rejoices in his success; but if distinctions are allowed at all where there is such community of feeling, we would name four men as being gratified beyond all others by Sir Doveton's success. First, the King. Admiral Sturdee was connected with Edward the Seventh's visit to Malta in 1903, and in 1907 was appointed A.D.C. to his Majesty. Some of King George's naval experience was in earlier days learned directly from Sir Doveton. Secondly, we would mention Lord Charles Beresford, under whom he served in all faithfulness and admiration. Thirdly and fourthly, we must name Lord Fisher and Mr. Churchill among those who necessarily take special pride in the successful issue of by far the most important naval battle of the war—a battle the story of which will live.



THE AVENGER OF THE "GOOD HOPE" AND "MONMOUTH":
VICE-ADMIRAL SIR FREDERICK C. D. STURDEE.

Vice-Admiral Sturdee, by whose squadron the "*Scharnhorst*," "*Gneisenau*," "*Leipzig*," and "*Nürnberg*," were sunk, was born in 1859, and entered the Navy in 1871. He attained the rank of Captain in 1899, and flag rank in 1908. He served in the Egyptian War, 1882; commanded the British Forces in Samoa in 1899, and was invested with the C.M.G., and received the M.V.O. in 1903, while serving in the Mediterranean as Chief of Staff. In January 1910, he became Rear-Admiral in the First Division of the Home Fleet, and subsequently commanded the Third Cruiser Squadron, and the Second Cruiser Squadron. Admiral Sturdee, who was A.D.C. to the King in 1907-8, and was knighted last year, is a son of Captain Frederick Sturdee, R.N.

Photograph by C.N.

TO BEAUTIFY "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY BEAUTIFIED."



THE AMERICAN SLEEPING BEAUTY FOR DRURY LANE: MISS FERNE ROGERS.

Already that charming and *chic* young American actress, Miss Ferne Rogers, has made herself popular in London by her bright acting in "By Jingo, If We Do—!" the clever revue at the Empire Theatre, and she is sure to make lots of "nice new friends" when she appears at Drury Lane on Boxing Night in the title-rôle of Mr. Arthur Collins' Annual, "The Sleeping Beauty Beautified." Mr. Collins means

to maintain the cheery Christmas traditions of the National Theatre; and, with such favourites as George Graves, Will Evans, Stanley Lupino, clever little Renée Mayer, handsome Bertram Wallis, and this smart new Beauty from across the Atlantic in the cast, if anyone should ask her: "Will 'The Sleeping Beauty Beautified' be a success?" Miss Ferne Rogers may safely reply: "Why, sure!"

Photograph by Wrather and Buys.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

HIS MAJESTY has honoured Sir John French with the Order of Merit, and will to the end of the chapter be conferring distinctions of all degrees on men who render signal service to Crown and Country. That much for his men; what of his women? Viscount Feilding shows conspicuous gallantry, deserves his D.S.O., and gets it. His sister, Lady Dorothe Feilding, has likewise shown conspicuous gallantry, deserves her D.S.O., or some corresponding distinction, and does not get it. Surely it is the right moment for the invention of new honours for the sex that is never paid official compliments.

Full Up! Here are two notes, contained in unpublished letters from the front, of Lady Dorothe Feilding at work. The scene of the first is a field covered with wounded. Lady Dorothe's car is the first to the rescue. She fills it with soldiers, and when it is full finds room for yet another. Her own place is taken; that goes without saying. When every other

over and over a poem of Mrs. Meynell's, and then, seeing a furtive expression on his nurse's face, he repeated the verses very plainly, to show that he was not wandering. When the doctor came the nurse said that, though the temperature was satisfactory, the patient had been muttering to himself all the morning and then had addressed her "in very strange words—no, not improper, but pure nonsense!"

A Bad Habit. "Why will they send me telegrams?" was the cry of a soldier's wife the other day after receiving three in the course of the morning. One was about a lunch-party, another inquired after a wounded cousin, and the third might have been written equally well on a postcard—or not written at all. All three gave great alarm, for although War Office wires are supposed to be delivered in white envelopes, they very often arrive in the ordinary coloured ones; and in any case a wife anxious about a fighting husband cannot always regulate her fears according to the tint of a



ENGAGED: THE REV. HUGH RICHMOND BONSEY
AND MISS RUTH MARCIA GAUSSEN.

The Rev. Hugh Richmond Bonsey is temporary Chaplain to the Forces, and is the younger son of the late Ven. William Bonsey, Archdeacon of Lancaster, and Mrs. Bonsey, of Northaw, Hants. Miss Gausen is the daughter of Casamajor William Gausen and Mrs. Gausen, of Howlands, Hatfield. The wedding is arranged to take place on Dec. 21.



A MILITARY WEDDING: MAJOR
C. G. S. HARVEY.



A MILITARY WEDDING: MISS CON-
STANCE ARMINE SANDFORD.

Major C. G. S. Harvey, whose forthcoming marriage to Miss Constance Armine Sandford is announced, is in the Royal Field Artillery, and is the second son of the late Mr. W. J. Harvey. Miss Constance A. Sandford, whose forthcoming marriage to Major C. G. S. Harvey, of the Royal Field Artillery, is announced, is the only daughter of Mr. Henry B. Sandford, of Oakdale,



A MILITARY WEDDING: MRS. G. E.
SAVILL YOUNG.



A MILITARY WEDDING: CAPTAIN
GEORGE EDWARD SAVILL YOUNG.

Sheffield.—Mrs. Young was, before her marriage on Dec. 10, Miss Alison J. Poole, of The Hollies, Acomb, York.—Captain G. E. S. Young, whose marriage to Miss Alison J. Poole took place on Dec. 10, is in the 2nd Batt. Irish Guards. The marriage was very quietly celebrated, as is the case in so many military weddings at this season.

Eight Photographs by Swaine.

inch is filled she takes her seat on the step—very tired, rather pale, but supremely happy.

Lady Dorothe's Farewells.

The second picture: two cars pause; there is discussion as to the route. Lady Dorothe's is for pressing on, the other is for taking a less hazardous road. The cars start on again, in different directions, and Lady Dorothe kisses her hand to her more cautious friends as they disappear round the bend of the road. Later on, the venturesome car stops again: one of its occupants, a foreign doctor, is for going back. But Lady Dorothe is undeterred. The car starts again, and again Lady Dorothe kisses her hand—this time to a pedestrian left on the road to make his way home as best he can.

Poetry—and the Nurse's Diagnosis.

An anecdote too good to leave unprinted was told by Professor Gilbert Murray at the rooms of the Royal Literary Society, where he was presiding over a meeting of welcome to Mrs. Meynell, a new member of the Academic Committee. Long ago Mr. Murray was very ill. One day he found himself humming

scrap of paper. The knock at the door is enough. It would be a real boon if people succeeded in breaking the telegram habit for the time being.

Milly's Creed.

The report, printed first in an American paper, and reproduced by some of our contemporaries here, that Millicent Duchess of Sutherland has become a Catholic is not founded on fact. Her marriage with a Catholic in a Catholic church is probably responsible for the rumour. This week she is again in London, having for the moment left her wounded in Dunkirk to look after the interests of her cripples in Bond Street.

A Naval Engagement.

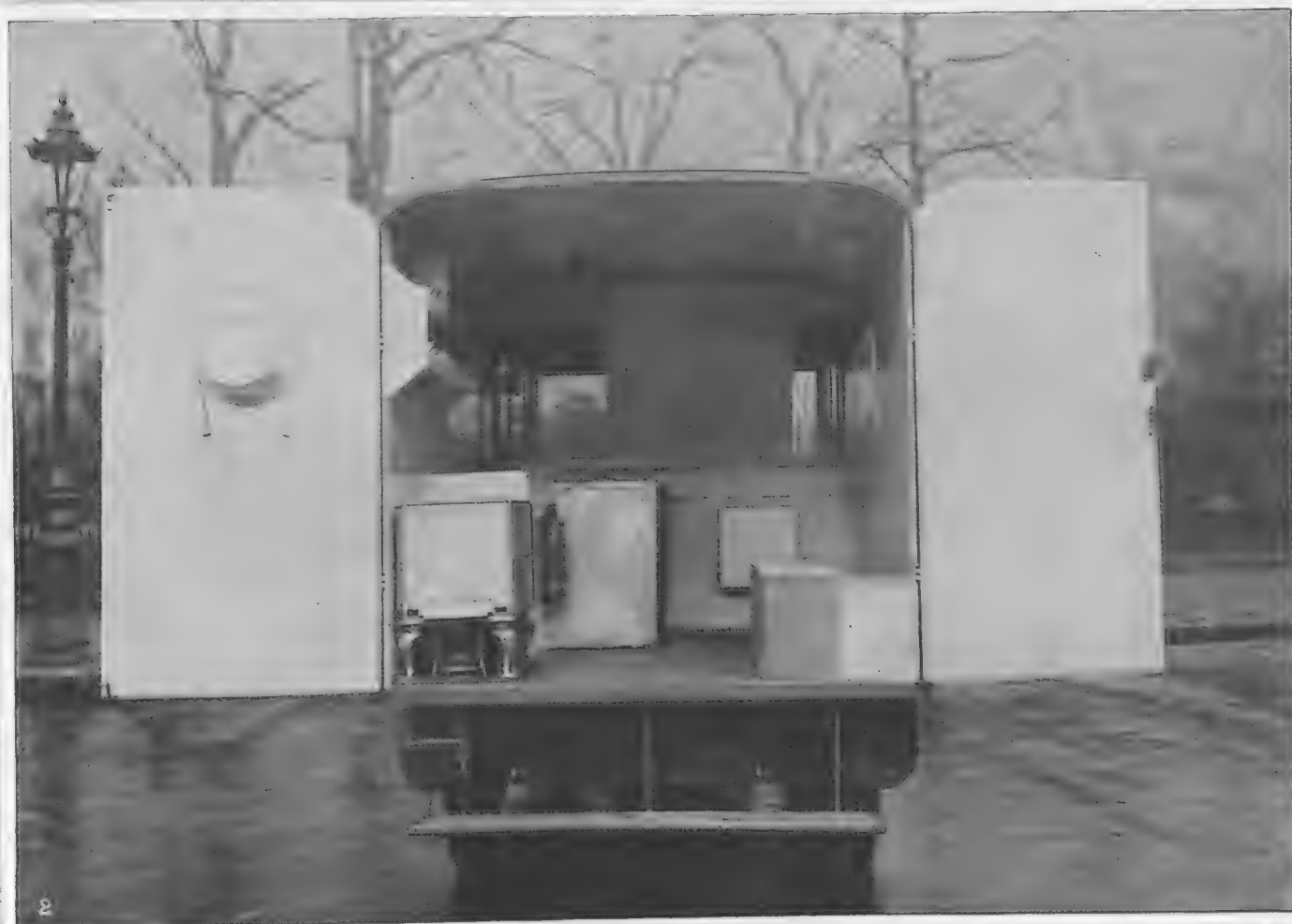
The engagement is announced of Commander Gerald Dickens—his second name is Charles—and Miss Kathleen Pearl Birch. The gallant Commander is a grandson of the novelist, and a son of the K.C., was educated at Beaumont, and got his Lieutenancy ten years ago. Though his name is essentially an English possession—hardly less so than Shakespeare's or Nelson's—he has, more than most Englishmen, good reason for a family feeling for one of our Allies: his mother is of French birth.



ENGAGED: MISS GWENDOLEN ISABEL OKEDEN AND SECOND
LIEUTENANT GEOFFREY ROBERT ST. JOHN.

Miss Gwendolen Isabel Okeden is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Okeden, of Stutton House, Suffolk; and Mr. Geoffrey Robert St. John is the only son of Mr. Henry St. John, of 64, Eccleston Square, S.W.

FIRST AID FOR THE INNER MAN: A MOTOR FIELD-KITCHEN.



1. A VERY EFFICIENT AND USEFUL UNIT OF THE ALLIES' FIELD AMBULANCE CORPS: A MOTOR FIELD-KITCHEN FOR WOUNDED.

2. ABLE TO SUPPLY SOUP TO FIVE HUNDRED WOUNDED FOR FOUR DAYS: THE INTERIOR OF THE MOTOR FIELD-KITCHEN.

Next to medical treatment, the prompt supply of suitable nourishment is, of course, a most important part of the work of tending the wounded on the battlefield. For this purpose a motor field-kitchen, such as that here illustrated, belonging to the Allies' Field Ambulance Corps, has obvious advantages, both from its mobility and its scientific equipment. It is a vehicle of 35 h.p., and can carry 3 cwt. of concentrated meat extract for soup—a supply sufficient for 500 wounded men for four days. Each of the side-boxes beneath the car along the side between the wheels holds 1 cwt. of the

concentrated meat cakes. Inside on the left is an oven with a patent stove beneath, and beyond it are two cooking coppers, one for soup and one for coffee, which boil thirty gallons in twenty minutes. The folding-seat to the right can be let down and, with another support against the wall, covered with a mattress as a sleeping-place. The Allies' Field Ambulance Corps is doing excellent work under the direction of Miss Jessica Borthwick, whose portrait we gave, it will be recalled, the other day. Funds are needed, and could not be given to a better cause.

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

"BLOODS" AND BLADES. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

SHE was a lady barber. Lady barbers abound in London town, I am told. But this particular one was unique. She was everything that most lady barbers are not: she was a barber and she was a lady—at least, she acted the former and looked the latter. She was not fashionable enough to frighten her customers away; she wore no rings on her plump, perfect hands with which to tear an ear or scratch a chin; she did not spray herself with syrupy scents; she did not drop her hair-pins between your collar and your back; she did not leave white, dusty tracks from her bare arms on your lapels for your sister to stare at; and (I am sure you are going to ask me for her address, but he never told it to me) and she did not talk! You all know the dressmaker who will condescendingly discuss the Duchess's dinner-dress with you while energetically pinning your skin to the lining; you all know the hair-dresser with a double nape and a quadruple accent who crops creepily close while he explains all about spies; you all know the dentist who will probe cavities with fiendish zeal while airing his views on submarines—so you can appreciate his lady barber to the full of her perfections. She was demure, dainty, deft, and delightfully dumb.

She smiled sweet things and said nothing. To compensate for her silence she had a fascinating power of facial expression. You could, if you wanted to, watch her large, liquid eyes and her pleasant, mobile mouth in the mirror facing you; you could even venture a few words now and then while she was lathering your cheek-bones: but she did not encourage conversation during business hours, she knew that men mentally reproach women afterwards for the time they want to "waste" with them. She was as wise as her razor was keen; she could read men's faces as easily as her razor could go between their lines! The lady barber and her blade were a wonderful combination of femininity and efficiency, and a wonderfuller fact was that this marvel was appreciated! Before the war her quiet-toned rooms could hardly contain the crowd of customers eager for their shaving-share. The frail furniture of her Sheraton salon was covered by dainty-looking parcels, chocolate-boxes, fainting flowers, and small square cases that might have contained bangles or pendants or ear-rings—all of which were little presents City men had meant to bring their wives in the evening, and in the rush and hurry of business had forgotten at the lady barber's—I don't think I doubt!

But they were not all business men—though they all meant business. One of her customers—her pet patron, in fact—was a young Guardsman, whose flowers never were left to faint on the sofa, whose chocolate-boxes were kept, when empty, as coffin to the aforesaid flowers, and whose chin was always smooth—that is, perhaps, why it took so

much more time to shave (a chain of circumstances enough in itself to explain to the subtle reader the sweet state of affairs between the "blood" and the "barberette" before the war broke out). Alas, alas! the last shave was a rite in minor—the blade shook in the lady's hand, the weakened warrior was cut to the quick, the lather to which her salt tears were added in genuine and generous continuity would not foam, the shaving-chair felt unsympathetic and uncomfortable. (But then, some chairs are so prudishly Early Victorian!)

"Ah," sobbed the lady, "when again shall I shave your chin, Charley? When shall your dear head again be between my hands?"

"It is on the knees of the gods," the Guardsman said, mixing metaphors and their tears.

"I always made you such a perfect parting."

"It makes this one all the sadder," answered he simply. (You must forgive him, amiable readers; when one is in love one's sense of humour is submerged by the others.)

And he went to the front, warring, and the lady barber went on shaving; and customers came and customers went, as the custom of customers is—and the lady barber was a woman for a' that, and soon she found that the flowers from a certain young solicitor scented as sweet, his candy tasted as good, and his chin was as shaveable as that of the departed dear; and she shaved him *con amore* and her best soap, and life once more was worth shaving for until—he got his commission and went to the front.

She was a nice little woman, this lady barber; she meant it every time.

The next to be lovingly lathered was a young architect's chin. But the architect also went to Belgium! And the lady wept again in the shaving-bowl. A Colonial came, on his way to the front, and his stubborn beard was a pleasure to hear resisting under the razor. When he in his turn left, last week, London and the lady barber, this last stop in that sad serial of sorrows fairly broke the lady's business and heart!

But the other morning, as the lady barber was still thinking of her conquering Colonial, and crying carefully in the marble basin so as not to rust the razors, a ghostly Guardsman, still pale from three months in hospital, limped across the room, and, staring in the mirror at a dear little tear-stained face that looked at him with red and round eyes—

"Still sobbing!" he cried, with the simple vanity of the male. "Still thinking of me! Oh, feminine faithfulness! Oh, incredible creature! Cheer up, old girl! Here I am, as safe as one of your own razors!" And as she fell in his arms, smiling and silent—

"Beauteous Barbara," said he, "will you marry me?"



"HASTE TO THE—CHRISTENING!": MR. AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL ON THEIR WAY TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS CRYPT CHAPEL.

Loyal to his high office, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, has now two little daughters who bear the names of two of his Majesty's war-ships. The First Lord's first daughter is Diana, and the new little daughter who was baptised in the beautiful Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons, on Dec. 5, received the name of Hermione, preceded by Sarah and Millicent. The sponsors were: Mr. E. Marsh, private secretary to Mr. Churchill; Millicent Duchess of Sutherland; and Mrs. George Dawkins, who, in their unavoidable absence, were represented by Lady Randolph Churchill and Lady Blanche Hozier, the baby's two grandmothers.



ANOTHER CHURCHILL BABY NAMED AFTER A WAR-SHIP! MR. AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S ELDER DAUGHTER AND THEIR SON ON THEIR WAY TO THE CHRISTENING OF THEIR INFANT SISTER.

Miss Diana and Master Randolph Frederick Edward Churchill, children of the First Lord of the Admiralty and Mrs. Winston Churchill, were born, respectively, in 1909 and 1911, and are here seen with their nurses, outside the House of Commons, on the occasion of the christening of their infant sister, Sarah Millicent Hermione, on Dec. 5.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]

OUT OF HIS DEPTH!



THE PAVEMENT ARTIST: 'Ere, Jellicoe! 'Ow many funnels does a periscope 'ave?

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



THE CHARCOAL-BURNERS.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE thick, clogged note of the artillery died down as the night came on. Safe behind their rampart of strong, bleak hills, the driven enemy were at last finding a chance of rest. The rollicking rush of the chase had run itself off its feet, had slackened, and, in the face of the galleried trenches of the high hills, had stopped. The battle of days dwindled and went out. Now and then an uppish battery coughed itself into a soon-quenched blaze of fire, or an advance regiment, suspecting impossible counter-attacks, split and slashed the air with a few frantic volleys; for the rest, merely the insatiable cavalry remained busy, flinging the light screen of their patrols right up to the enemy's trenches, scurrying through the woods, the fields, and the country roads, hunting and harrying the stragglers, searching with keen eyes the field of war for any enemy crafty enough to lurk in force behind the retreat. The cavalry were sweeping clean the floor of to-morrow's battle. Their good housewifery would make the success of that vast engagement more easy and more likely.

The Captain of Lancers rode back to his lines at the end of the day rather glad that a person known as himself lived in this jolly world. He had done a very good day's work. He had cleaned up the segment of country allotted to him, from the outpost of his own army right up to the first trench of the enemy. He had done more than that. He had come upon a small, tired-out supply column trying to win its way by devious and secret routes to the safety of the enemy's trenched lines. What he had not destroyed of that column he had sent as trophy back to his own army. Further, he had fooled the enemy in the trenches into believing that his tiny force was an army, if not two. His capricious, teasing attack had set tier after tier of rifle-pits alight, and he was able to learn not only where many of those trenches were hidden, but also what force in men and guns each held. He had lost two men in this "spoof" attack, but he had gained knowledge that would probably save thousands. He was, therefore, a very cheerful person.

This is why he felt all goodwill and peace on earth when he came across the two charcoal-burners.

He was a good officer. Because his screen of advancing men had swept the country clean on the outward journey, he saw no reason why he should not give it a good brushing-up on the return ride. His long, keen line of troopers went trotting over the countryside, over the fields and the roads, and, carefully, through the villages. When they came to a belt of wood, they probed this with all the cavalry tricks. They rode up to the trees, then suddenly turned as if they had spied the enemy, and went scampering away. Then, if that failed to draw fire, they rode into the wood, zigzagging steadily to avoid rifle-bullets. Thus they went over the ground carefully, but safely, for they found nothing. That is, until they came upon the charcoal-burners they found nothing.

They came upon the charcoal-burners abruptly. The men were in a grassy clearing on a hill, and the officer was thinking more of food and the camp, near which they were by now, than a skulking enemy, as his troopers rode out of the trees right on to the two uncouth labourers. The troopers, taking no risks, rode down on the fellows at once. The peasants covered, and put their arms about their ears and cried out in fear. They were so pitiful and frightened that the horsemen stopped and laughed, knowing they were safe. Only dull and perfectly harmless peasants could act in that way, they considered. The two oafs, reassured by the laughter, stood still and looked up at them with eyes so dull and bucolic that the men smiled again.

Perfectly harmless creatures, doing the sort of thing that only very dense and very ignorant peasants would do—that is, going on with their calling as though nothing momentous was happening, wars were not, and there were no chances of sudden death for them hanging in the air. Persons so dull that it annoyed one to take any trouble over them.

Still the Captain took trouble. He examined them, their surroundings, carefully. He walked into their filthy little hut; had, in spite of their bleating protests, every one of the wood-stacks

disintegrated and scattered; he searched the whole neighbourhood with a cold, analytical perfection. The charcoal-burners stood and gaped at him as they would have stood and gaped at the performance of some queer animal in a circus. When there was nothing to be found, the officer turned to probe the minds of the dolts. Yes, they had heard firing; it meant something—oh, yes; but they had been busy. They had just laid down a fire for the charcoal, and when one did that—The enemy—they did not remember having seen the enemy. Some men in drab uniforms had run through the wood; and, yes—the creatures became almost animated—yes, one of them had stolen some food. He had threatened them with a gun as they tried to hold him. Then there had come an explosion away in the wood, and the man had wrenched himself free. He had gone away, running quicker than ever. The two men pointed their hands away to the direction of the enemy's trenched line. All the men had run that way.

The Captain felt that the peasants were too stupid even to lie. He changed his tone. He tried to impress the men with the danger of their position. He had had a good day, and it made him kind to all men. The charcoal-burners were not impressed. They were busy. They had much work to do. They would stay. Sheepishly, foolishly, like schoolboys accused of a crime, they protested that they must stay. They didn't see how they could be killed—they had much work to do. They gave the impression that they fancied they would be too busy for death. The thought amused the officer. He washed his hands of the fools. He rode on.

As he passed through the pickets on his way to the camp, he was thinking that, after all, rough work—the work that charcoal-burners do—does not, as he thought it would, gnarl the hands overmuch. It was a trivial thought. He had seen, without apparently noting, that the hands that pointed towards the enemy's lines were indescribably filthy, but, on the whole, not unshapely. Like many trivial impressions, this came into his mind with a large insistence as he rode into the camp.

The artillery had been platformed with scientific cunning and care in that one place where the enemy's gunners would not think to find them. Dummy batteries had been built in a good position, judiciously screened even, so that, by only finding them with difficulty, the enemy's aviators would assuredly take them for the real article. The batteries proper had been, with huge labour, put in an absolutely "rotten stance," and the difficulties of getting them there had only been endured because the position would render them immune. The artillerymen were proud of their cunning. They bragged of it.

"They'll never find the old guns," cried a chuckling Gunner to the Lancer Captain. "We've hidden them with genius. They'll never hit us—never in a year of Sundays."

All the Gunners were filled with beans and pride. All the same, after the batteries had pumped off half-a-dozen rounds, the enemy stopped shelling the dummies. They stopped, and, as if pulled round by one jerk of a lever, their fire swung round. They "marked over" the hidden batteries with the first shot. The first high-power shell lobbed right on to the most hidden of the guns, smashed the gun, smashed the crew, and blew the ammunition caisson to flinders.

The artillerymen gaped in astonishment, cursed the lucky fluke that had found them out, and moved on to another "secret" spot. The guns moved after them, the great shells came bumping on to them with the unfailing regularity of good clockwork. There was no doubt about it. In some uncanny way the enemy had located the batteries. In some uncanny way the enemy had their range to a finger-paring. It was not a fluke; steadily, with exasperating certainty and calmness, the shelling went on.

The artillery swore, wondered how they had given themselves away, and died in fine fat batches. Then they summoned their philosophy and found another position—a position deeper wombed

[Continued overleaf.]

ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.



OFFICER : How did he get into that condition ?

PRIVATE : He captured a bottle of whisky, Sir.

OFFICER : Yes, yes ; but how did he manage to do that ?

PRIVATE : I think he must 'ave surrounded it, Sir.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.



GRANDPAPA : Whatever are you doing with that cat ?

THE BOY : I 'se painting it khaki, 'cos the people next door keep firing stones at it.

DRAWN BY RATHO.

in secrecy, more guilefully hidden. The gunners got to business, spitting on their shells for luck, swearing to take payment in full—and a little over. In five minutes the enemy left off shelling the place in which they had been—began shelling the secret place in which they were. When that had happened once more, the artillery began to fear. It began to talk spy talk, and to round up all chance strangers in its midst. Several intensely patriotic wagon-drivers narrowly escaped death against a wall, and it was only the fact that the uncanny business continued after their arrest that saved their lives. For continue it did. All through that day the artillery crept about finding new and clever positions, and all that day the enemy came after them, finding them out as though they were hiding under a magnifying-glass on a sheet. Change and chop about as cunningly as they could, hide as subtly and as secretly—it made not the slightest difference. Their gun-positions were always found, and found in a few minutes. They were always shelled.

The Captain of Lancers slipped out of the trenches to endanger his life by asking the artillery mess what on earth was wrong with their gunnery. The Captain was not pleased because the General had turned his squadron into infantrymen, and he had had to wallow in a waterlogged trench while his men handled their rifles and bayonets as if they had been born with infantry kit on their backs. The Captain had also been shelled, and to be shelled makes no man happy.

As he walked towards the camp he looked towards the many positions the artillery had chosen and evacuated that day. Nearly all those positions had been fixed admirably. They were behind a gently ascending and wooded hill that should have made almost perfect cover for the batteries. The little wooded hill ran like a camel-hump right into the lines. At its remote end it tailed away gently towards the enemy's position. It probably gave the best view of the fight in the whole battlefield. If the enemy had held it they would have seen everything that happened in the lines. The Captain of Lancers might have thought this thought if he had been a stupid man. He did not think it because he knew very well that the hill was safely environed by his own troops. True, they could not hold the summit of the hill—that would have been too dangerous, for it might have given rise to another Spion Kop; but, on the other hand, line after line of his own army's trenches were cut across those slopes which sank gently towards the enemy's lines. Its top—he knew very well that its top was free of the foe. He had swept it with his troop only yesterday.

The Captain of Lancers found the Artillerymen angry and ready to quarrel. Someone had been giving their positions away, and they wanted to get that somebody and kill him. Planes! They had been found out and shelled before any plane had come near them. They couldn't have given themselves away. No earthly hope of the enemy seeing them if they had. No; it had been a spy. There had been some spy knocking about, and they must find him. If they didn't the battle was lost.

A bright young man cried, "If there was a Johnny on that camel-back, he might——"

His seniors snarled at him.

"Nobody on that hill," they growled. "It's too unhealthy. It's bang within our lines. And what do you think our scouts went over there for?"

"Still, you know——"

"Nobody there," said the Captain of Lancers. Fact. It was my lot who went over it." The Captain of Lancers said this cheerfully. Then, abruptly, he stopped talking. He had remembered something—a little, stupid, clinging thought. He went out from the Artillery mess, and walked back to his own lines.

"You have two scoundrels who used to be poachers before the grace of God took them and made them Lancers," he said to his sergeant. "I want those two men and their rifles. And you can give me a gun and a round or so for my own use. We shall all be back some time to-morrow."

The second day of the great battle began before the earth had stopped shivering at the first cold touch of day. Great scarves of damp mist trailed across the face of a sodden world, so for a little while the artillery of both sides were rangeless and out of it. It was the long, screaming yell of the rifles that opened the fight. The Captain under his bush had become so drenched now that he had become accustomed to the cold. At first the rain-water from the weeping leaves had hit him on the spine at the back of the neck and nearly tortured him to death, but even he had grown inured to that. Within the last twenty minutes, too, things had been happening that had kept him awake. He lay on his belly motionless, save for the working of his lips round the fingers of his right hand as he sucked them to keep them warm and flexible; his rifle was poked out before him, and his eyes were fixed steadily upon an open space between the leaves. Without looking round, he knew that his two poacher troopers lay as alert and as hidden as himself. They were both intent on the same things as himself. They were watching a little clearing and what was going on in that clearing.

The Captain knew the clearing quite well. He had passed through it two days ago, and it hadn't changed since. There was the same filthy hut, the same wood-stacks scattered even as his men had scattered them; there was the same fire that had not been lit,

after all; and, finally, there were the same charcoal-burners. The same charcoal-burners, that is, yet not quite the same. They were still filthy, still garbed in the unlovely rags of peasants, yet they were not quite the same. They no longer looked dull, they no longer looked quite peasants. In spite of their dirt and their rags, they looked alert. And then they were doing curiously unpeasant-like things.

One of them was sitting up in a tree—in the lowest branches of a thick tree. In spite of his curious position, his poise was alert, and he kept his eyes fixed on his companion with keen attention. The companion had gone to the edge of the clearing at the side away from the prone Captain. He was sitting on his hams there, with his knees drawn up. He was looking fixedly through the bush as though that bush disclosed to him vistas of endless miles; curiously, too, his eyes were directed downwards.

His attitude of concentration did not seem strange to the Captain. He knew the reason of that fixed look. Just now the charcoal-burner had stretched out his hand and secretly pushed back the bush to catch a wider view of the vision that held his gaze. That action had disclosed the secret. Beyond the bush was only sky, only sky—and valley. Instead of the wood continuing here as it seemed to continue, the hill dropped abruptly and curiously away to the floor of the valley. The soldiers who had crept up from the valley during the night knew very well that what the man could see below him was the battle-line and the camp of their own army.

They also knew what he had on his knees that were drawn up so curiously. Across the knees was a board, and on the board, pinned to it so that it did not flap, was a paper. The man had taken out the paper from his pocket fifteen minutes ago. They had already seen it, and knew it. It was a map. As the man watched the valley, he measured out distances with a pair of dirt-coloured dividers.

Then, quite suddenly, his body stiffened and his neck craned. He put up his hand in an arresting gesture, and then he called out—"Be ready. The guns are coming out."

The language he used was the language of the enemy. The Captain took his hand from his mouth and lifted his gun. He raised it and squinted along the sights. On his steadied elbow his foresight rested without trembling on the man sitting up in the tree.

Directly the man at the bush had called out, the man in the tree had steadied himself against a trunk, reached up to a fork, and lifted from it a field-telephone headpiece. With an accustomed gesture he slipped this over his head, adjusted the mouthpiece to his liking, and looked down at his companion again. The men were very close together, the one almost above the other, no more than fifteen feet up, so whatever the bottom man said the top man could hear. He settled himself comfortably, alert, ready. Now that the Captain knew what was there he could almost make out the air-line of the field telephone-wire strung so cunningly through the mesh of branch and leaf that it made of each tree a secret telephone-pole. He could almost admire the cleverness that had hidden the essential apparatus of the receiver up out of sight in the fork of a tree.

He did not have time to think much of these things. The man below began to get busy—began to call out.

He had been comparing what he saw in the valley with the details of his map. He worked with the swift, sure glances of an expert. He compared, and then he called out—

"The first field-battery has taken position in the gravel-pit, Square 11 longitude—the guns are just about to fire."

Up amid the wet leaves the voice of the man in the tree began speaking with vivid distinctness—

"The first field battery has taken position in——"

The Captain's fingers curled inward. His rifle leaped with life in his hand. A little sparkle of flame flickered at the muzzle, seemed to lick back a little way along the barrel. A thin gauze of cordite-fume misted his eyes. Through that fume he saw a thick black body falling through the leaves. It came crashing down, beating, beating through branches and bushes with a ruthless impact. It struck the earth with a heavy, sodden thud, a thud like the fall of a heavy, wet sack. As the Captain stood up he saw that his two poachers had already got to the man by the bush. He remembered that the whip-crack of his rifle had had a curious double echo. He had all but forgotten his men. They looked up beaming as he arose.

"Got this one too," they said. "No mistake here."

There was no mistake about the man from the tree either. He was quite dead. His telephone headpiece dangled limply from a branch. Looking up, the Captain could see a white line in the tree-trunk that the jerked wire had torn away. The wire had been inserted under the bark, and the bark put back over it for secrecy's sake.

The men were very clever. They seemed to have thought of most things. But they had not thought of everything. They had not thought that, though a charcoal-burner's hands do get filthy, they never remain shapely—as shapely, for example, as the hands of an officer.

The enemy never picked up the hiding-place of the artillery again.

THE END.

THE HIDDEN DANGER.



FATHER (*trying to give the concealed dose*): Well, well, you are a funny boy.

Might I ask why this sudden extraordinary dislike for jam?

THE CHIP: 'Cos I b'leeve it's mined.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A GERMAN DREAM: "HOW GERMANY CRUSHED FRANCE."*

"Oh, My Prophetic Soul——!" The brace of queries which figure in the title of the German Major Adolf Sommerfeld's "Frankreichs Ende im Jahre 19?? " are decidedly not out of place. "How Germany Crushed France"—the adaptation of the title into English—was written, of course, before the outbreak of the Great War: had it been written since it would have been a vastly different book. In brief, Sommerfeld is just as bad a seer as Bernhardt, especially where diplomacy is concerned; his work shows just as clearly as does the "prophetic" General's that Germany, "grown-up" as she undoubtedly is in war, is a mere babe in knowledge of international affairs, and, what is even more important, in knowledge of the feelings of peoples. Germany goes into the war of Major Sommerfeld's imagining not at all as she has gone in in reality. Russia, at the unknown future date of which he writes, had emancipated herself from her sisters of the Triple Entente and was flirting with the Triple Alliance. Indeed, she had made a secret treaty by which, in the event of France or England attacking any of the Alliance, she could undertake to remain neutral—"in consideration of which neutrality the three confederate States, in their turn, would allow her to invade India and occupy Persia and Afghanistan." Italy had become a flourishing industrial State—"thanks to a tax upon strangers which had considerably diminished the noxious annual invasion of her shores by armies of newly married couples and idle beauty-lovers. . . . Those who hitherto had lived on the purses of spendthrift tourists had begun to devote themselves to industry." Spain had profited by the travellers who used to patronise Italy, and was on the road to her former greatness. France was frankly chauvinistic. England? Oh, England, of course, was as perfidious as ever! She announced, after the fight between Germany and France had begun, that she had determined "to remain neutral so long as British interests were not touched."

Germany Compelled to Fight.

Germany had no desire to fight, need it be said! France, saith the military prophet, seeking to steal a march on the Spanish and in spite of all treaty obligations, began to build a railway in Morocco. Spain appealed to Germany. France continued to construct. Germany protested six times; then sent the *Schwalbe* to Moroccan waters. Then, in the middle of a stormy night, "a great tongue of flame and smoke shot up to the sky, and there came down a perfect cascade of wreckage, mixed pell-mell with human limbs, into the foaming billows. The little cruiser *Schwalbe* had disappeared, crew and all, in one catastrophe." Accident was suggested as the cause; but French troops were moving suspiciously, and a Spaniard "happened to secure the large fragment of a torpedo which had been found on the shore, and immediately handed it over to his military superior before the French could secure the incriminating clue." War was declared. Italy and Austria decided to fight side by side with Germany.

Victory.

The Triple Alliance were victorious—not even Major Sommerfeld would dare give other ending to his book, even did he wish to do so. "The very numerical strength of the troops Germany poured into France had such an overpowering effect upon the fortress towns that it could only have been compared to the action of a steam-roller." Belfort and other places soon fell—thanks partly to the fact that the civilian population revolted against the French "militarist clique"! The mob, indeed, fought the soldiers to stop the fighting! Within fifteen days the whole of Eastern France had been occupied; and, meantime, Italy had had great successes. A little while, and the French fleet was annihilated in the Mediterranean in less than half-an-hour, Toulon and Marseilles had surrendered, the French Senegalese troops had been found valueless in cold weather. Paris tried to hold out by sending forth a fleet of aeroplanes and other aircraft armed with bombs. The Germans were ready: they had a Krupp secret. This was a bomb which, bursting in the air, filled all the surrounding atmosphere with "such a deadly gas as to kill any aviator who chanced to come within hundreds of yards of the poison." The President sought to escape, nevertheless, by jumping into an aeroplane and making straight for London; he fell in mid-Channel, and was picked up by a German ship! And so on and so on, to end with the lion's share of France annexed to Germany, but with her "temples of art and science" reopened; Russia content with Persia and Afghanistan; England given "Artois and Picardie—which gave her back her old possession of Calais—and France's Indian colonies; Spain given Morocco; Italy left master of the southern provinces of France, Tunis, and Algiers; Austria becomes a colonial empire—plus various other changes in the map. Then England joined the "Triplice," making it a Quadruple Alliance! Stuff such as dreams are made of—German dreams. The awakening is now in progress.—Fantastically wrong as it is, "How Germany Crushed France" should be read—that one may realise how wrong a prophet can be. Mr. Redmond-Howard's Preface is particularly good.

A MASCOT FOR A REGIMENT.

Our readers will recall that we published recently a letter offering a mascot to a British regiment. We have received the following from the donor—

38, Wilton Place,
Knightsbridge.

DEAR SIR,

I came back from France yesterday, and to my great surprise found some letters concerning the dog I wanted to give away as a mascotte. Thank you so much for publishing my letter in your paper. I did not know you had done so, for I was in France and could not buy *The Sketch*, as I usually do here. I was in Havre for five days, and I have seen a lot of English soldiers arriving. We do love them, and we cheer them, I can assure you. As soon as they are heard marching by everyone come out of their houses; the little "apprentices," as we call them—that is, the girls in the work-rooms—with special permission, look out by the windows; they laugh, they shout, and yet one can see the tears in their eyes; a kiss is thrown with emotion. Those girls cannot express their admiration, their thanks, but that little kiss means a lot: perhaps several of them have got brothers at the front, maybe a father, maybe a sweetheart, and they picture those brave English soldiers going to the rescue of their dear ones. If you knew what warmth it puts in your Tommy's heart, this nice welcome! He feels he is amongst good friends who love him dearly, and he is ready more than ever to lose his last drop of blood to save the country where he has been so welcome, where the smile of the girls is so sweet and so full of thanks; and on march your Tommy, answering the shouts of the excited crowd, smiling back, waving, and . . . winking occasionally, altogether happy. They are so kind too. Little boys have got a great admiration for the badges, and the English soldier, being good-hearted, cannot resist an appeal, and in such a gentle way gives badges away. I have been given heaps of them, and buttons from their tunics too. I saw something very sad—a child of five of whom both hands had been cut off. The mother, crying, was explaining the sad story, and the little mite of five saying, "Do not cry, mummy; they'll grow again." People would hardly believe it, but it is true. This is a terrible war, and no one here realises the horror of it all as well as we do in France. It does make one feel miserable, especially a woman; she feels she would like to go and fight too, I can assure you. I must conclude, with ever so many thanks for your kindness. I shall send you a photograph of myself and of the regimental mascotte, which is going to be given to the 8th Battalion, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, Draycott Camp, Swindon.

Believe me, dear Sir, truly yours,

JACQUELINE PRÉVOST.

"Tom Smith" is in excellent form this year, the only effect which the war seems to have had upon his cheery productions being to endow them with gayer colours, bolder designs, and greater variety than ever. Pierrot, Pierrette, and Jester figure gaily in the "Jester" box of big, colourful crackers; and another handsome box is the "Victory," the Allies' uniforms and flags glowing with colour. "Japanese Novelties" and "Dutch Toys" are two capital boxes; and a "Patriotic" box of "Union Jack" crackers will be in high favour. The "Jewel" box is a pretty conceit; and very dainty is a "Tiny Tim" box of miniature crackers clad in delicate green coats. There are Christmas Stockings filled with the generosity of a Santa Claus; and a new feature this year is represented by gay strings of the flags of the Allied Nations, reproduced in most decorative fashion. There is humour shown in the puzzle-drawings which are a feature of the "Terror-Torial Victory" box; and in every case prices are so moderate that "Tom Smith's" crackers can be added to the Christmas attractions of every home, and will strike a note of cheerfulness with no uncertain hand.

There is no doubt that Kipling is the author of the day. The reprints of his old poems, as well as his new ones, have easily eclipsed the efforts of other verse-makers about the war, and one turns instinctively in these days to his Anglo-Indian stories and his revelations of the personality of Mr. Thomas Atkins. Kipling, in fact, is the Homer—or, as he might prefer it, 'Omer—of the British Army. The new Service Edition of his works, in neat little half-crown volumes, just begun by Messrs. Macmillan, is therefore particularly welcome and deserves a great success. The first two volumes contain "Plain Tales from the Hills"; the remainder are due to appear between now and April, at the rate of four volumes a month.

War has taught us the value of patriotism, which is a virtue that must be acquired early. Those concerned with informing the mind of the younger generation on this subject will appreciate a little school anthology called "Poems for Young Patriots," illustrated with portraits, and sold at the modest price of 4d. net. It is published by Messrs. Evans, of Sardinia House, Kingsway.

The indispensable and invaluable "Debrett," for 1915, has been published by Messrs. Dean and Son, Ltd., and its brilliant binding of scarlet and gold suggests at once that it is a chronicle of royal, aristocratic, and distinguished personages, their families, their forebears, their estates, and a host of information concerning them which is of interest and service to the public. It is edited by Mr. Arthur G. M. Hesilrige, and has reached its 202nd year of publication. In the Preface there is a reference to the sad toll which already has been taken by the war from very many families whose names appear in its pages, entailing many changes, and it may be asserted with confidence that "Debrett" will be found as correct as ever, and even more necessary than usual. Several additional features have been added further to extend the scope of its information.

* "How Germany Crushed France." By Adolf Sommerfeld. A Translation from the German, with a Preface, by L. G. Redmond-Howard. (Everett; 1s. net.)

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

The Shops.

Poor things, they suffered something from the poor light that they might give to their wares, which are as attractive and Christmas-like as ever. They are now allowed more light up to a certain hour, and the effect of the bright Christmas things is much enhanced by the bright colours of the Allies, used freely in what Americans call trimmings. The streets are filled with shoppers, and there is little difference between our war Christmas preparations and those of normal times. Our people are cheery because they know quite well that if it's a long, long way to Berlin, we are well on it, and will certainly get right there. Meanwhile, the children and the young folk must have their Merry Christmas, so the shops are gay and bright as ever.

A Good Name and a Good Thing.

There is a present which never fails to give pleasure, and that is a Britannic watch-bracelet. It is the best expanding bracelet known; it is safe, strong, durable, and handsome—qualities of supreme importance in a wristlet for a watch. The springs have frequently been tested by fully opening and closing the bracelet (mechanically) over 100,000 times, and they have stood this severe test perfectly. They are guaranteed for five years, and can be entirely renewed at any time for 5s. The watches are guaranteed, and the prices are most moderate—a 15-carat bracelet with an 18-carat lever watch from £8; and a 9-carat watch with 9-carat bracelet from £4. Of course, watches in enamels and set with diamonds, and platinum watches and bracelets, can be supplied from £25 to £150. It is important to see that inside each watch is the word "Britannic" and the number 24396-06, because the Britannic is the best.



TO MARRY MAJOR HOSLEY :
MISS E. M. D'ARCY.

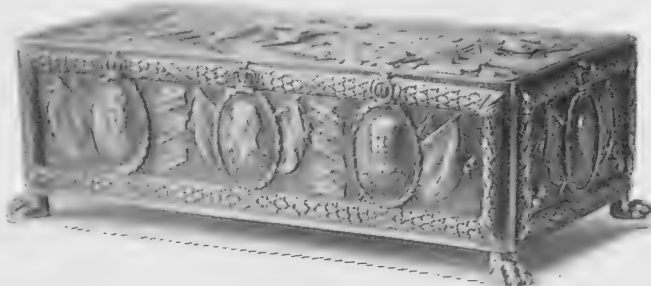
Miss Elinor Marian D'Arcy is the eldest daughter of the Bishop of Down and Connor, and Dromore; Major William J. Seymour Hosley, of the 1st King's Own Scottish Borderers, is the son of the late Mr. W. Seymour Hosley, of 185, Cromwell Road, S.W.

Photograph by Swains.

unable to have a shave. A razor is therefore a very precious possession to him, and a Gillette Safety Razor the more precious that he can shave anywhere, at any time, and with the least possible trouble. A compact Gillette Safety Razor (pocket edition) is therefore an ideal Christmas gift. It is adjustable for removing a stiff growth or for the tenderest skin, and there is no possibility of cutting. The razor can also be obtained in the Standard or in the Combination set, with a stick of shaving-soap and brush complete, from one guinea up to ten. It makes a real sensible present, for which soldier or sailor or civilian men will be truly grateful.

Excellent Value Gifts.

The pleasure of giving—always very great—is greatly added to when excellent value is given. Messrs. Peter Robinson, of Regent Street, show some very useful gifts, and at very reasonable cost. For a boy, what could be better than a set of tools in a leather case for 7s. 6d.? Since the Scout movement boys have learned the pleasure of



COMBINING ART AND BENEVOLENCE: THE SOUVENIR WAR-CASKET.

The above casket (Agents, Messrs. Henry Graves, of 6, Pall Mall, London) is a reproduction of a repoussé casket designed by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, the famous artist of the "Illustrated London News." Its price is £1 5s., 3s. of which goes to Princess Mary's and the "Daily Telegraph" Christmas Funds, the Prince of Wales's Fund, and the Red Cross Society.



"THE LADY THAT MAKES A CHAP LAUGH":
LADY ANGELA FORBES.

Lady Angela Forbes, the youngest sister of the present Earl of Rosslyn, is devoting herself to attending the sick and wounded at the front. She is immensely popular with her patients, among whom she is known as "the lady that makes a chap laugh."

Photograph by Press Picture Agency.

For a Fighting Man.

A thing that makes a British man feel demoralised is to be

being useful, and thoroughly enjoy gifts of this kind, which were once but an evanescent pleasure. An ebony cloth and hat brush in a silver moleskin case is a useful present for a man. Gloves, handkerchiefs, silk hosiery (which is a quite special feature with the firm), hand-bags (which are in endless variety), are all desirable things, and are at very moderate prices. The Perfect cigarette-case, in pigskin, for 2s. 6d. is useful and durable. A pair of interlock hair-brushes in a leather case will prove useful for a man much on the move, as so many are just now. A pigskin tobacco-pouch lined with leather for 4s. 11d. is a capital present: there is a choice of hundreds at this fine establishment.

For the Front.

Nothing lies so near our hearts to-day as the front—those there and those preparing to go. Christmas gifts are, of course, very much influenced by this feeling. At Peter Robinson's great establishment in Oxford Street there are many gifts that men will specially appreciate—cigarette-boxes of 100 Luxe

Virginia at 5s.; Russian, 100 for 6s. 6d.; and Egyptian, 100 for 7s.; dressing-gowns in fleecy warm cloths at 21s., 25s. 6d., and 35s., and in camel's-hair cloth at 30s. and 45s.; a knife and fork and spoon in a morocco case, making a useful and an inexpensive gift at 2s. 11d.; a service knife, with a tin-opener, blade, and pick, for 3s. 6d., also most useful; soldiers' housewives with needles, threads, buttons, etc., at 1s. 6d., 2s. 11d., and 3s. 6d., finding ready purchasers; electric ever-ready torches; sweaters at 8s. 11d. and 9s. 11d.; Balaclava caps; smoking outfits containing tobacco-pouch, packet of pipe-cleaners, and pipe in a box ready to send off at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 12s. 6d.—all these are excellent presents, and are but a few among many at this most reliable establishment.

Officers' Comfort.

The firm of Burberrys make a specialty at all times of providing really practical, reliable, and very business-like and smart-looking garments for all weathers. This year, because of our officers at the front, they have devoted special attention to their needs. A weather-proof of British

Warm, woven and proofed by Burberry, should survive the hardest war service on land or sea, and will prove among the most acceptable of all Christmas gifts. Waistcoats, shirts, hoods, and bivouacs of various patterns, made from the firm's celebrated Gabardine cloth, are simply splendid; they are so light, protective, and durable. A newly invented haversack called the "Bursac" is finding its way into great favour as a gift. It is for fixing to the Sam Browne belt, and for neatness and capacity is much preferred to ordinary patterns. Thick fleece overalls for wearing under oilskins are presents from Burberrys that naval officers will appreciate. Those who want really and thoroughly to please their gallant fighting men should send to Burberrys, Haymarket, S.W., for an illustrated catalogue of military and naval kits; it will be sent post free, and will give many useful ideas for presents of a practical kind.

MISS DORIS TYDD, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN MCCLURE WAS FIXED FOR DEC. 12.

Miss Tydd is the daughter of Mrs. Tydd, of Burleigh Lodge, Ascot. Captain G. B. McClure is the son of the late Mr. J. H. McClure, Glasgow.

Photograph by Lafayette.



FOR OUR SAILORS AND SOLDIERS: PRINCESS MARY'S CHRISTMAS-BOX.

The box which is to form part of Princess Mary's Christmas Gift to our Sailors and Soldiers is of lacquered metal. In the centre of the lid is a medallion portrait of the Princess surrounded by a wreath, with "Imperium Britannicum" in raised lettering above, and "Christmas 1914" below. The names of the six Allied Nations are on the lid: France, Russia, Belgium, Japan, Serbia, and Montenegro, with trophies of flags.



THE ARMoured CAR'S VALUE : GENEROUS CAR-OWNERS : "WRAPPED ROUND A TREE."

Armoured Cars' Successes.

At the time I described in detail the 110-h.p. armoured car which had been sent out to Russia by Mr. Charles Jarrott, there were those who doubted whether it would ever reach its destination, owing to the approach of winter and the probability of the Archangel route being already blocked with ice. Whether that particular car got through or not has not been disclosed, but others had previously left this country to the order of the Russian Government, and it is satisfactory to find that they have already done good work. We read of a whole column of Germans being wiped out by a sally of armoured cars in the eastern theatre of war, and there need be no fears as to this remaining as a solitary achievement. On the west, also, the armoured car is gaining fresh laurels—notably in the case of the intrepid and resourceful Commander Samson. As I have always contended that speed is a factor of vital importance which cannot possibly be ignored, and that the armoured car must therefore be *ipso facto* of great value, I am particularly pleased to note that the description of Commander Samson's latest exploit states that "the essence of the attack was speed, as the car had to be taken quite close to the German trenches." Absolutely masterly was the way in which he arranged matters, for his exit from the British lines was followed by a fusillade from our own men, which bluffed the "Boches" into believing that the armoured car was one of their own which was trying to escape. Hence they withheld their fire and allowed it to come close up. Quickly were they undeceived, for in fifteen seconds it had demolished a windmill and then wrecked a cottage, from each of which a machine-gun had been annoying our trenches. Then the car shot back to the English lines in safety. After this, who shall say that speed, as such, is not an asset in warfare?

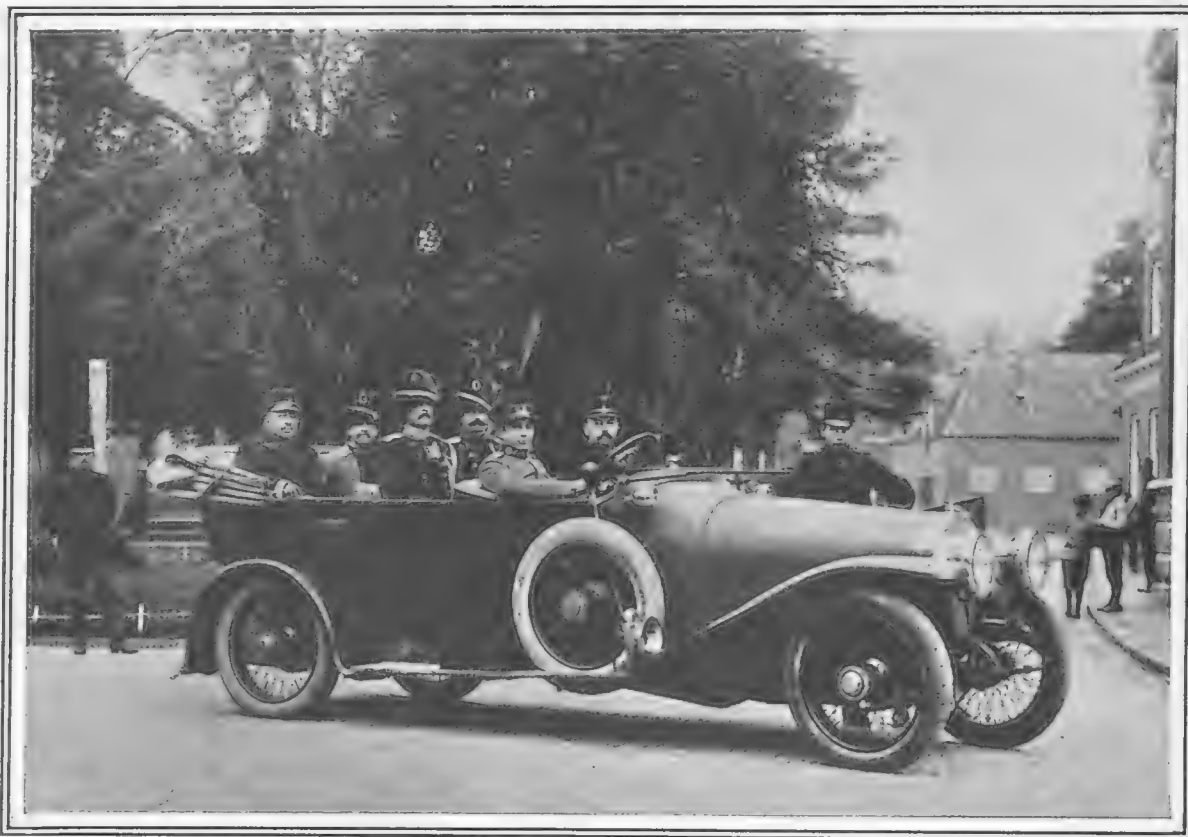
Given His Quietus. It is to be hoped by now that the disgruntled individual who wrote some time ago to the *Daily Mail* complaining that motorists were rushing about the country, instead of giving up their cars to the Red Cross Society for ambulances, has sufficiently appreciated the true facts of the case as to be "sorry he spoke." I pointed out at the time that motorists had already rendered prompt and generous aid wherever they knew that it was wanted, and that there was no intimation whatever of ambulance shortage anywhere until the day his letter was written, when an appeal came from Paris. Then the *Times* started its fund, and has raised close upon a quarter of a million for Red Cross work, of which some £300,000 is ear-marked for motor ambulances. What is particularly interesting, however, is the list which it published the other day of the cars which had been privately brought together by the Royal Automobile Club for conversion into ambulances, and these attained a total of no less than 290. Many others, of course, have been offered, but the Club has examined every one with scrupulous

care, and only passed on to the Red Cross those which were fully suitable for the hard work to which they would be subjected. When it is added that thousands of other motor-cars are doing useful work every day in connection with the removal of the wounded on arrival in England, or in giving drives to convalescent patients, to say nothing of innumerable other ways of rendering help and service, the charge of selfish remissness is the last which should be directed against the motoring community.

A Mystery Explained.

From Commander Mansfield Cumming, R.N., to whose grievous accident I lately referred under the heading of "Wrapped Round a Tree," I have received an interesting letter as follows: "I have just read your account of the accident that happened to me in France, and I wish to put you right on one point. The cause of the car skidding

was that the offside front tyre came right off. This dropped the wheel about four inches, and as we were already on our own side of the road (French rule) there was no room to correct the skid before the car hit the tree. My boy (Lieutenant Cumming) was a first-rate driver, but I don't believe any driver living could have prevented the accident. We were travelling fast, but not, in my opinion, too fast—about forty miles an hour. The tyre was not punctured, and it



ON DUTY TO MAINTAIN HOLLAND'S NEUTRALITY: A WOLSELEY CAR WITH DUTCH STAFF OFFICERS.

This photograph was taken at one of the Dutch outposts on the frontier between Belgium and Holland. It shows a 24-30-h.p. six-cylindere Wolseley motor-car on a frontier tour of inspection, with for the occupants a number of Dutch officers of the Territorial Army Staff.

came off with the inner tube in place and filled tightly with air. I know this for a fact, as I was pitched into the tyre and lay in it all night!"

Was the Rim Detachable?

It is a matter for rejoicing that the gallant Commander was well enough to pen the foregoing epistle with his own hand. So far as the accident itself is concerned, his letter sets at rest all efforts to determine the causes of the accident by subsequent analysis. Of course, in all cases of serious collision, it is natural to find that the wheels or tyres, or both, have suffered, and speculation invariably arises as to whether a broken spoke or a burst tyre was the predisposing cause or merely the outcome of the mishap. In the case of Commander Cumming, however, we have his definite testimony that a front tyre came off bodily and produced the accident, and certainly no man could possibly have kept the car straight under those conditions. The effect of a front wheel being suddenly bared to the rim would be to cause the car immediately to pivot on the resistance: no one, in fact, who has not tried it can have any idea of what it feels like even to drive a car at slow speed when one of the front tyres is deflated. As for the cause of the parting of the tyre from the rim, and being found still fully inflated on the road, it can only be assumed that it was fitted to a detachable band, and that this was either inadequately secured or was of imperfect design. Fortunately, such accidents are very rare, and it is more regrettable than ever that in the case in point the results should have been so tragic.

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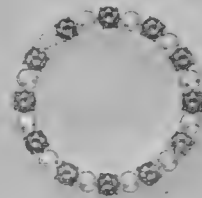
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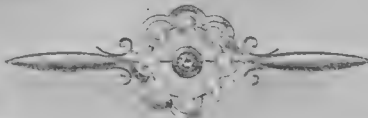
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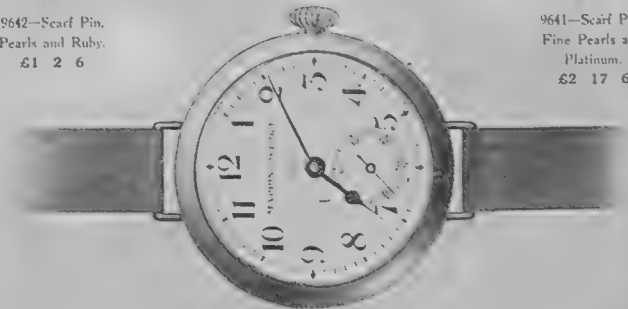
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THE "Hold up your head, Frampington!" drawing in *Punch* marks a change of custom. Not even du Maurier, who put Whistler into "Trilby," and got into trouble in consequence, dared to use his famous friends as models for his weekly jests. The case against Mr. Morrow is clear: not only is the Sir Angelo Frampington of the drawing an R.A. and a member of the corps to which Sir George Frampton does really belong, but Mr. Morrow is himself a member of the same corps, and the picture of Sir Angelo is the best likeness of Sir George that has ever been made.

"Private the Honourable." The entry "Pearson 2921" gives a new interest and character

to the lists of casualties in the ranks, and also raises the question of dates. Private the Hon. F. G. Pearson was killed at the end of September; the official report came through only last week. This delay seems, at first sight, to put the relatives of a gentleman-ranker at a great disadvantage, for news of officers reaches London within a few days of the event.

Lord and Lady Cowdray were, however, informed of their son's death more than two months ago, so that the only actual difference is one of official publication. And to be treated like a private all through—to wear a private's uniform, eat a private's food, and to be classified in the belated list—is itself a sort of distinction when the conveniences of a commission might easily have been obtained.

The Whereabouts of Lord Castlerosse.

The news of Lord Castlerosse's internment in Germany comes as something of a surprise. It was known that he had been hit quite early in the war, and it is many weeks since we related the story of the wasp that caused the trouble. Sitting in the trenches over a sandwich, he had flicked the thing away. It came back, dodged, and flew up in the air; his hand went after it, and was stung—by a bullet. Since then, it had been hoped he had been getting well among his own people, and his name did not figure in the official list of captured. It is now reported from the United States Embassy that he is a prisoner.

The Passing of Dublin's Countess.

Lady Aberdeen will break many bonds when she leaves Dublin, and bonds of a kind that must take long to create elsewhere. The poor are always with us, and in all places, but in Ireland the material Lady Aberdeen worked upon was peculiarly responsive and abundant. On the other hand, she



A MILITARY ENGAGEMENT: LIEUTENANT FREDERICK HERBERT BLACKWOOD AND MISS NORAH WIDDUP.

Lieutenant F. H. Blackwood, whose engagement to Miss Norah Widdup is announced, is in the 1st Batt. Lincolnshire Regiment, and has just been awarded the D.S.O. for gallant conduct in the war. Miss Norah Widdup is the younger daughter of Mr. Ponsonby Widdup (late Government Medical Service, British Guiana) and Mrs. Widdup, of South Kensington.

Photographs by Siraime.

relinquishes the "quality" of the city with far less heartache than did her husband's predecessors. Her affections were all for dwellers in mean streets, and among them she is regarded as a benefactress who spared neither strength nor means in their behalf. To her munificence in one quarter may be attributed the reputation she had in another for giving thought to economies that took the gilt off Castle gingerbreads. Perhaps she knew too well the value of the loaf in ten thousand homes to be greatly attentive to the niceties of the table at Viceregal Lodge.

A Breakfast Delicacy. General Bulfin, who had arrived home before the despatch

that made him famous, and had the pleasure of reading General French's praises while breakfasting in Sussex, is now making excellent progress. His own description of his injury (he wrote to a friend that his new great-coat had a hole in it and that a bit of wool had been blown from the back of his head) hardly did justice to the effectiveness of German shell-fire; but the coat is patched and the hurt is on the mend.

An Actor-Soldier.

General Bulfin was "discovered" by General Butler before the Boer War, and went to the Cape as Sir William's Aide-de-Camp. The duties were arduous, owing to the tension in South Africa before the crisis, but there was time even then for the arts of peace, and Cape Town still remembers an amateur actor who lived at Government House and played the villain with unparalleled zest and humour. General Bulfin is of swarthy complexion: he was spared most of the trouble of making-up, as well as most of the trouble of learning a part, for his business rivals Bouchier's. Fortunately enough, General Butler's resignation did not mean that General Bulfin missed the Boer War: the distinction he won in South Africa contributed largely to the promotion which places him among the youngest of our young Major-Generals.

Queen Alexandra.

Few women have as many irons in the fire—or needles in the wool!—as Queen Alexandra. Her sympathies are multifarious and crop up alike in the unexpected and expected quarters. Considering the fund that will profit, it is natural enough she should desire to attend Isidore de Lara's matinée on Friday: the marvel is that she will probably find time to do so. One particularly noteworthy instance of her versatile liberality is her answer to the appeal of the O.P. Club.



A WAR BRIDE: MRS. EVAN BERNARD WARD.

Mrs. Ward, wife of Captain E. B. Ward, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, was Miss M. D. N. Waller, younger daughter of Mr. Thomas W. Waller, of Brighton. Captain Ward is a son of Lieut.-General the Hon. Bernard Matthew Ward, C.B.

Photograph by Langflier.



A FORTHCOMING WAR WEDDING: MISS BEATRICE ORMROD.

Miss Ormrod, who is marrying Mr. Francis Worsley Barker on Dec. 17, is the only daughter of Mr. H. Oliver Ormrod, of Pickhill, Wrexham, Denbighshire.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A FORTHCOMING WAR WEDDING: MR. FRANCIS WORSLEY BARKER.

Mr. F. W. Barker, who is marrying Miss Beatrice Ormrod on Dec. 17, is the elder son of Major-General Sir George Barker, K.C.B., and Lady Barker, of Stanford Place, Faringdon, Berks.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A MILITARY MARRIAGE: CAPT. AND MRS. C. A. H. MONTANARO.

Captain Montanaro, R.F.A., who has returned from the war wounded, is the eldest son of Colonel A. Montanaro, of the Indian Army, and has just married Miss Bridget Mary Stokes, second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel A. H. Stokes, late A.M.S.—[Photographs by Thomson.]

Christmas Presents that are always appreciated

AT this season of the year no gift could be more acceptable than a set of lovely Furs, or one of the luxurious Wraps that are now being offered, at specially reduced war prices, by the International Fur Store. These garments, which are made from the finest furs the world produces, are designed on the latest fashionable lines, and cut and finished in the best manner possible by our own staff of expert Furriers.

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Natural Black Bear Tie -	4 0	4 0	(dyed Sable colour)		
Skunk Tie - - -	3 15	8 15	Baum Marten Tie - -	24 0	18 10
Skunk Stole - - -	15 0	8 15	(dyed Sable colour)		
			Russian Sable Tie - -	28 0	35 0

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"The Dynasts." No one should miss seeing "The Dynasts," that grandiose historical poem of Thomas Hardy staged by Mr. Granville Barker at the Kingsway Theatre. The descriptions of the scenes—whether of battlefield, ship's quarter-deck, ball, or village green—are so extraordinarily vivid, so exquisite in their style, that, when read by Mr. Henry Ainley, you sit enthralled, seeing more in your "mind's eye" than the realistic tableaux on the stage. These scenes represent Nelson on the *Victory*, his death in the cockpit, the burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna, the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the eve of Waterloo, Napoleon abdicating at Fontainebleau, and other famous events. Mr. Hardy's rustics, soldiers, shepherds, watchmen, and village women are, of course, inimitable, and somehow carry more conviction than the figures of Napoleon, Wellington, and Nelson. Our last great Victorian is, of course, past-master in presenting Wessex peasants, their humours, their oddities, and their humanity. In scenes so momentous, the sparsity of accessories, of realistic presentment, are all to the good. The uniforms are admirable; and the figures of Wellington and his Generals, in their superb cloaks, cocked hats, and accoutrements, standing against a blue sky, give the impression of some famous martial canvas rather than a theatrical scene. Perhaps the most diverting episode of all is that of a street in Brussels on the morning of Waterloo, the unseen troops marching below, while three persons—an elderly lady and her daughter, and a Jos Sedley type of elderly gentleman—wave handkerchiefs from contiguous windows. It is a finished piece of irony on the fatuousness of the ordinary civilian in war—and leaves one thoughtful.

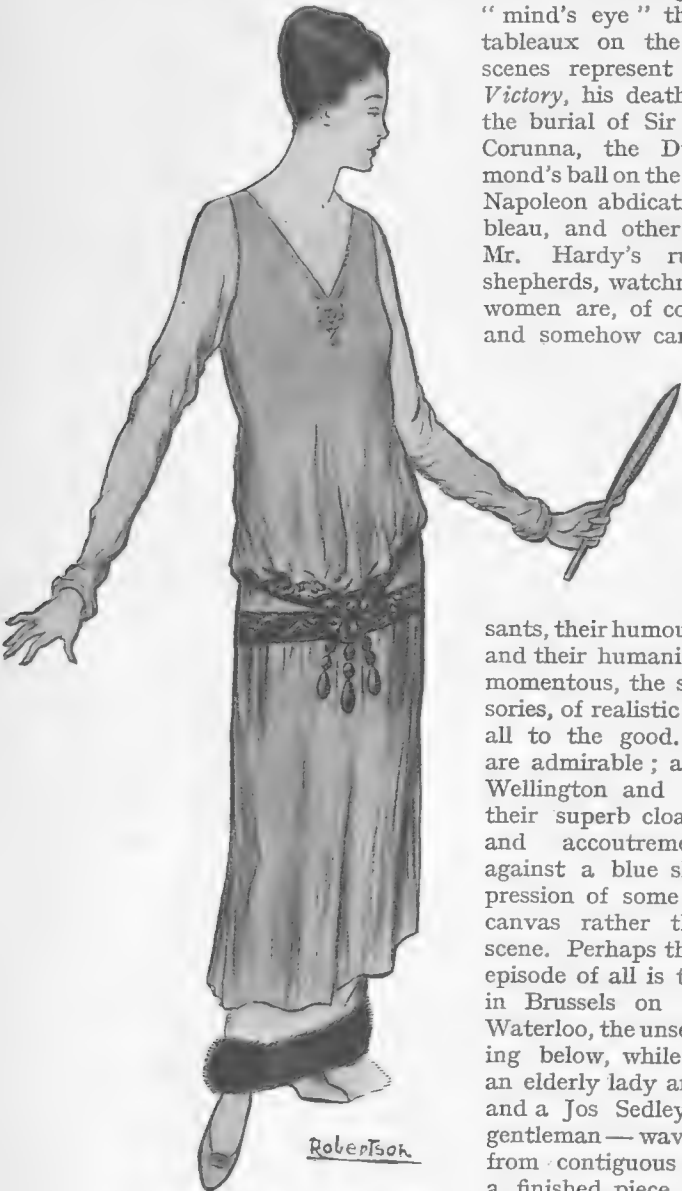
So amazing has been the valour of our small army in the field, so immortal have already become their feats of daring and chivalry, that a little more imagination is needed to express adequately our gratitude. It seems to the mere feminine person that the old Order of Chivalry should be revived, and that baronets and knights should be made on the field of battle. Why should not these heroes of our race, as well as the Indians who have "crossed the Black Water," have titles bestowed on them no less than our esteemed "grocers" at home? Each of the airmen who flew to Düsseldorf and Friedrichshaven should be promptly "knighted," free to use their title afterwards as they chose. These honours have no meaning if they are only bestowed on successful shopkeepers, aldermen, and routine bureaucrats. How striking it would have been if, when King George V. was in France and Flanders the other day, he could have dubbed some of these wonderful fighting men—we have had none braver since Waterloo—Knights of St. George on the scene of their exploits! Where a fortune is needed to keep up the honour, life-baronetries might be given to those officers in our crack regiments—the Guards and the cavalry—who have so richly deserved recognition of their services in the field. "Sir" would become a title of honour, instead of what, unfortunately, it has become by indiscreet multiplication—a somewhat dubious prefix. This war is so unique in our history, so overwhelming in its significance, that surely some innovations should be made which would not only strike the popular imagination, but show that King and country were admiring and grateful.

What strikes one most about this war is the lack of enthusiasm it seems to excite, except among the young, the strong, and the patriotic, who have certainly rallied to the flag in unprecedented numbers. Yet in spite of all our exertions, a curious gloom and apathy hangs over the country, which is the more strange as we live, owing to our fleet, in safety, comfort—even luxury—facts which are in dazzling contrast to the misery and suffering in Flanders and in France. In France they are extraordinarily hopeful (one Frenchman writes to me that the war will be over by next summer) and yet they have less news from the front than we have had. Here, our recruits and Territorials march past in London, and no one gives them a cheer or a hand-wave. At the Lord Mayor's Show there was a fine and spirited display of volunteer troops—many from Canada—with plenty of military bands, yet they were received by the crowd well-nigh in silence, and with vacant and lack-lustre eyes. Those of us who remember similar processions during the South African War—the send-off and return of the City Imperial Volunteers, for instance, or the exaggerated but still hearty rejoicings of Mafeking Night—wonder what has become of that enthusiasm of fifteen years ago. To hearten our gallant young soldiers as they march along the grey winter streets, to show our gratitude for their steady patriotism, is one of our first duties nowadays. I, for one, should be glad of a little more display of "mafficking."

A Little Mafficking, Please! In some respects, it must be owned, Russia is far in advance of both England and Germany, and that is in their recognition of the woman doctor. Our Red Cross and St. John's Ambulance ignore all offers of service by women surgeons at the front. Our women are "on their own," and doing uncommonly well. In Russia, on the contrary, the services of women "medicals" for work at the seat of war were at once accepted, provided they did not exceed fifty per cent. of men practitioners. It was a Russian Minister of War who first initiated and facilitated the entry of girls into the medical profession, for it was General Milutin who came forward and offered them training at the military schools and hospitals when they were still refused these opportunities by the civilian authority. At present Russian women are doing doughty deeds, in the hope that at the end of the war all restrictions on their learning their profession will be removed and they will share medical education on equal terms with men.

The Medical Woman in Russia.

At present Russian women are doing doughty deeds, in the hope that at the end of the war all restrictions on their learning their profession will be removed and they will share medical education on equal terms with men.



Robertson

AN UNCONVENTIONAL TEA-GOWN.

This charming tea-gown has an under-dress of white crêpe-de-chine, bordered at the hem with black fox, the sleeveless over-dress being of flame-coloured chiffon, embroidered at the neck with dull-gold thread, and girdled with black jet.

So amazing has been the valour of our small army in the field, so immortal have already become their feats of daring and chivalry, that a little more imagination is needed to express adequately our gratitude. It seems to the mere feminine person that the old Order of Chivalry should be revived, and that baronets and knights should be made on the field of battle. Why should not these heroes of our race, as well as the Indians who have "crossed the Black Water," have titles bestowed on them no less than our esteemed "grocers" at home? Each of the airmen who flew to Düsseldorf and Friedrichshaven should be promptly "knighted," free to use their title afterwards as they chose. These honours have no meaning if they are only bestowed on successful shopkeepers, aldermen, and routine bureaucrats. How striking it would have been if, when King George V. was in France and Flanders the other day, he could have dubbed some of these wonderful fighting men—we have had none braver since Waterloo—Knights of St. George on the scene of their exploits! Where a fortune is needed to keep up the honour, life-baronetries might be given to those officers in our crack regiments—the Guards and the cavalry—who have so richly deserved recognition of their services in the field. "Sir" would become a title of honour, instead of what, unfortunately, it has become by indiscreet multiplication—a somewhat dubious prefix. This war is so unique in our history, so overwhelming in its significance, that surely some innovations should be made which would not only strike the popular imagination, but show that King and country were admiring and grateful.

A New Order of Baronets.

So amazing has been the valour of our small army in the field, so immortal have already become their feats of daring and chivalry, that a little more imagination is needed to express adequately our gratitude. It seems to the mere feminine person that the old Order of Chivalry should be revived, and that baronets and knights should be made on the field of battle. Why should not these heroes of our race, as well as the Indians who have "crossed the Black Water," have titles bestowed on them no less than our esteemed "grocers" at home? Each of the airmen who flew to Düsseldorf and Friedrichshaven should be promptly "knighted," free to use their title afterwards as they chose. These honours have no meaning if they are only bestowed on successful shopkeepers, aldermen, and routine bureaucrats. How striking it would have been if, when King George V. was in France and Flanders the other day, he could have dubbed some of these wonderful fighting men—we have had none braver since Waterloo—Knights of St. George on the scene of their exploits! Where a fortune is needed to keep up the honour, life-baronetries might be given to those officers in our crack regiments—the Guards and the cavalry—who have so richly deserved recognition of their services in the field. "Sir" would become a title of honour, instead of what, unfortunately, it has become by indiscreet multiplication—a somewhat dubious prefix. This war is so unique in our history, so overwhelming in its significance, that surely some innovations should be made which would not only strike the popular imagination, but show that King and country were admiring and grateful.



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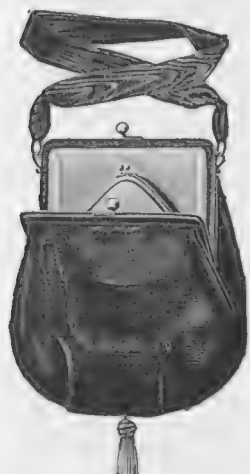
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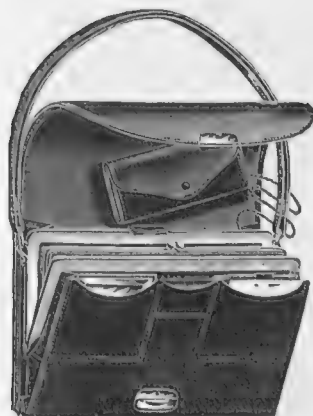
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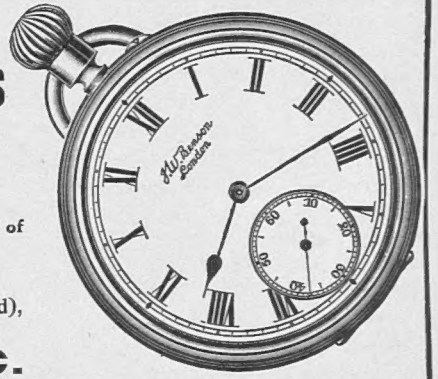
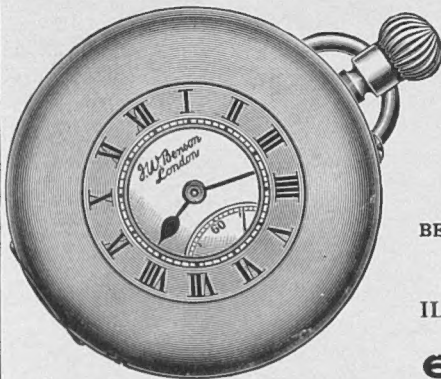
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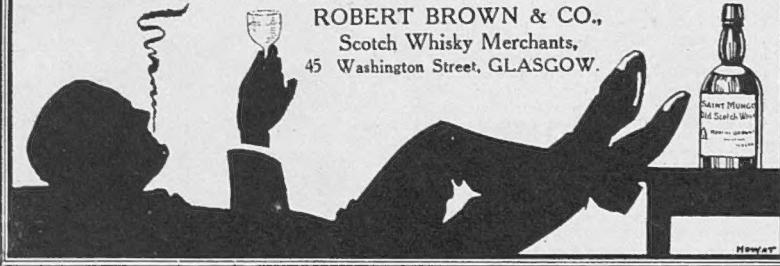
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THE Brighton and South Coast Railway arrangements for the South Coast and the Isle of Wight are very complete. A concise little programme issued by the Brighton Company will be sent post free on application to the Superintendent of the Line, L.B. and S.C.R., London Bridge. On Thursday, Dec. 24, the ordinary service to Brighton, Eastbourne, Bexhill, Hastings, Worthing, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight will be supplemented by accelerated trains, and late trains will leave London Bridge and Victoria for the principal stations, while fast trains will leave London for Brighton about every hour after 9 a.m. The Brighton Company announce that at their West-End offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, the special cheap and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, and to the Continent, can be obtained.

An attractive programme for the holidays is issued by the Great Central Railway Company for those spending Christmas in the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, or the North of England. On Thursday, Dec. 24, special expresses will leave Marylebone for over five hundred different stations. The tickets, issued at extremely low fares, will be available for return on the following Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. Breakfast, luncheon, or restaurant cars will be attached to the trains, and the compartments represent the acme of comfort. Those in town until late on Thursday evening will find suitable night trains. A special A.B.C. Programme can be obtained at Marylebone Station, Great Central Railway town offices and agencies, or from the Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

Christmas and New Year facilities announced by the London and South-Western Railway include the regular weekly excursions. There will, however, be additions and alterations for Christmas week. The usual period excursions will run from Waterloo—on the Monday to Sidmouth, Lyme Regis, Sherborne, Axminster, Crewkerne, Yeovil, Salisbury, Weymouth, Swanage, Southampton, Winchester, Isle of Wight, Marlborough, Cheltenham, Bridgwater, Bath, etc.; on the Tuesday to Bournemouth, Poole, Christchurch, Lymington, Southampton West, etc.; on Wednesday, Dec. 23, to Channel Islands. On Christmas Eve special fast trains, at cheap fares, will leave Waterloo Station at 7.15 p.m., 10.15 p.m., and 10.55 p.m. Programmes can be obtained at the Company's stations or from the Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

The Great Western Railway Company issue a programme of holiday excursions from Paddington to all parts of their system for short or long periods, and among the bookings are, on Wednesday, Dec. 23, to Dublin, Belfast, Bristol, Bath, Cheltenham, Exeter,

Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Dartmouth, Plymouth, Looe, Newquay, Falmouth, St. Ives, Penzance, Cardiff, Aberystwyth, Milford, Tenby, Pembroke, Cardigan, and other stations; Thursday, Dec. 24, to Banbury, Chester, Devizes, Liverpool, Manchester, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, Winchester, Llandrindod and Builth Wells, Llangollen, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Llandudno, Pwllheli, Aberystwyth, Milford, Tenby, Pembroke, Cardigan, and other stations in North and South Wales; to Hereford, Wye Valley, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Leamington Spa, Warwick, Weymouth Line, Guernsey and Jersey, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Bath, Bristol, Worcester, Malvern, etc.; to Ilfracombe, Lynton, Lynmouth, Exeter, Teignmouth, Dawlish, Torquay, Dartmouth, Kingsbridge (for Salcombe), Plymouth, Truro, Falmouth, Newquay, St. Ives, Penzance, and other stations. Full details can be obtained at any G.W.R. station or office, or at the Tourist Development Office, 65, Haymarket, S.W.

The Great Eastern Railway are offering improved facilities for spending the Christmas holiday in East Anglia by running midday and evening excursions from London on Christmas Eve. These tickets will be issued to the eastern counties and also to Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, north-east district, etc. Excursion tickets will also be issued on Dec. 24 and 31 to certain north-eastern stations and Scotland. Tickets are obtainable in advance at Liverpool Street Station, or at the Company's West-End, City, and other booking-offices. The service of the main line trains will be augmented by special and relieving trains on Dec. 22, 23, and 24; whilst on Christmas Eve seven midnight trains will be run from Liverpool Street to the eastern counties. On Christmas Day, with certain exceptions, the ordinary Sunday train service will be in force.

True to their reputation, Messrs. Thomas De La Rue and Co. have published a host of excellent diaries for 1915, and, as usual, some of these—and they are produced in all sorts of styles, sizes, and prices—show special and attractive features. The "Onoto" diary is, in effect, an ever-ready reference book, with an index of the months, and a most useful alphabetical index for addresses, telephone-numbers, etc. The information pages are practical and useful, and the "Onoto" can be had from 6d. each (waistcoat-pocket size) upwards. There are many varieties of diary in leather cases at all prices, with novel and convenient book-markers in the form of extremely thin pencils in metal holders; and their "Portable" diaries, handsomely produced, and primarily intended for insertion in gentlemen's note-cases, are made in various styles, from 4s. to 25s., and will prove very acceptable Christmas presents.

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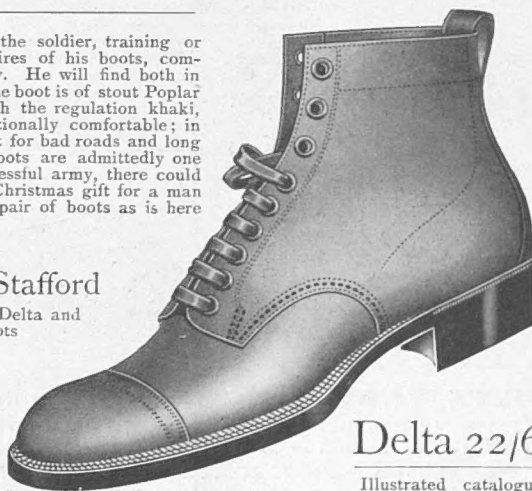
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